National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Selections.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

On Monday evening, at the Theatre, in this city, an interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. William Wells Brown (a fugitive Slave from the United States, and author of "Clotel, or the President's Daughter," and other works), on the subject of Slavery in America. There was a very numerous attendance, comprising members of almost all denominations of Christians in the city, testifying by their presence their abhorrence of this monstrous system. Mr. Brown can scarcely be called a man of colour. His complexion nearly approaches white, and, except for some slight traces of negro blood, would scarcely be recognised as a descendant of that degraded and much persecuted race.

The Lecturer commenced by stating that he was sure the sympathy of the audience would be enlisted on his behalf by the nature of the subject, for he could conceive of no foreign question which could be brought before an assembly of Englishmen that would more readily readily receive their coöperation and their sympathy than that intended to abolish Slavery in the United States; and there were many reasons why the people of this country should feel interested in the Abolition of Negro Slavery in America. Slavery was introduced into the American colonies when they were under the control of the British Crown, and many of those who were engaged in the early introduction of slaves into the American colonies were either Englishmen or their immediate descendants, which in itself would be a sufficient reason why the people of Great Britain should feel interested in its Abolition. To understand the real position of slaves and the Slavery question in America, let us look for a moment at the introduction of slaves into that country. Slaves, as many of his audience were doubtless aware, were first introduced from Africa, in 1620, and from that time down to the separation of the colonies from the English Crown, the number of slaves had increased to about 500,000. There were then only three millions of people in America, black and white, bond and free, and only thirteen States, of which six were slave States. There are now twenty-five millions of people, thirty-one States, nearly four millions of slaves, and fifteen slave States. This will give an idea of the growth of Slavery in that country. The slave States are divided into what are called slave-raising and slave-consuming States. There are many conflicting stories with regard to the treatment of slaves in America. The advocates of Abolition contend, on the one hand, that Slavery is a diabolical system, while on the other the slaveholders and their advocates maintain that the slave is well treated, contented, and happy. Many whom he was addressing had probably read Mrs. ex-President Tyler's letter, purporting to be a reply to the address from her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, and the ladies of this country, in which it was asserted that the slaves of America were not only well off, but, as a whole, better off than the labourer of Great Britain. Had she contented herself with saying that the slaves of Virginia are better off than those in some other portions of the country, the remark would have been very just, for it is true that Slavery in Virginia and Kentucky is not so bad as in South Carolina, Louisiana, and other States in the South: and there are many reasons for this. In Virginia and Kentucky there is a large surplus population of slaves, which makes them not so valuable as in other parts of the country; and they could not be treated so badly because labour could not be found to make it so profitable as in the cotton and sugar districts. Within the last thirty or forty years, the slaveholders of Virginia and Kentucky had turned their attention to rearing slaves for the market instead of consuming them upon the soil, and it is found to yield them a much greater return. Almost all the cotton, sugar, and rice plantations, are under the control of overseers, or negro drivers, as they are termed—men who have no interest in the plantation, but who are hired for the purpose of overlooking the negroes, and who get a salary according to their ability to raise the greatest quantity of cotton out of the smallest number of hands. The man, for instance, who produces the most bales of cotton out of 100 negroes and 1,000 acres of land would obtain the highest salary in the market (hear, hear). Many of the cotton planters know nothing of the management of their estates. They are brought up in idleness, and are ignorant of what is going on, except what they hear from their overseers, and those whom they leave to conduct their affairs. This is one very strong reason why the negroes in the cotton districts are not treated so well as in Kentucky or Virginia. It was estimated by the Hon. Henry Clay, a few years since, that the average life of a slave upon the cotton plantation was seven, and upon the rice plantations only five years, while in Kentucky it averaged thirty years, or thereabouts. Owing to the shortness of life in those districts, there is a great demand for slaves, and it is necessary to import in order to keep up a sufficient number. The importation of slaves from the coast of Africa has been prohibited for many years. They accordingly import them from the old slave States to the new ones, and it has been estimated by Mrs. Stowe that 300,000 slaves are annually taken from Virginia, Kentucky, and the adjacent States to supply the cotton, sugar, and rice districts. Others had estimated the number at 200,000, and even adopting the latter calculation, it was fearful to think of 200,000 persons being annually, without any regard to the tenderest ties of nature—the husband separated from his wife—the mother from her child—sisters from their brothers—sold to the highest bidders, to be *worked up* in five or seven years as the case may be (hear, hear). To realize the position of the slave, just suppose that, by some enactment of the last Parliament, some persons from other parts of Great Britain, or from other Governments, had the privilege of coming into this city, nay, into that very meeting, and selecting such as they might think fit from their midst—taking the wife and leaving the husband, or the husband and leaving the wife—the son or the daughter who had accompanied them that evening—putting chains upon their limbs and carrying them off, without the hope of ever seeing each other again (hear, hear). This supposition is not making Slavery more than it really is in the Southern States. The slave may be in his cabin like Uncle Tom and Aunt Chloe, when in comes the slave driver, or the sheriff to whom some execution has been given against the master, and these poor creatures are seized, taken off, and sold to the highest bidder (cries of "shame"). The buying and selling of slaves in the United States has been considered the worst feature of Slavery, but he did not look upon it as the worst part of that very bad system. He regarded that portion of Slavery, or rather the laws which prohibit education to a slave, and which would fine and imprison any of the audience for being found teaching a slave to read the name of his Creator—that law which degrades human nature as nearly to the level of the beast as possible, so that they may be kept comparatively satisfied, as even worse than the buying and selling of slaves. It is a fact that, in the Southern States, the more ignorant a man is, the better is he educated for Slavery, and the more valuable is he in the market. The price of slaves varies according to the States, and according to the degree of ignorance of the slave. An immense deal of money is made by buying and selling slaves. When he was seven years of age, he was sold for £100, and at nineteen for £130—a great deal more, he assured them, than ever he was worth (laughter), and his master would not have taken less than that sum for him, had he accepted so little. Now, however, that he had been away for a few years, moving amongst educated people, and having scraped together a little knowledge, not half so good a price was placed upon him. Some time ago, a friend of his, the Rev. Edward Hore, of Ramsgate, volunteered to pay his old master £50, in order to free him from the liability of arrest on his return to his native country. The reply was that he had given $650 for him, but was willing to take $500 (£100). He (the lecturer) informed his friend that he had better wait a little longer, and shortly afterwards his master changed his mind, and offered to accept $300 (£60); so that he presumed, in the course of a few years, as he obtained additional education, his value as a slave would proportionately decrease, and ultimately that the terms of his friend would be acceded to. He proceeded to say that he was brought up by Dr. Young, who happened to be his uncle, a fact which would give an insight into another very bad feature of the system, for they not only own their nephews and nieces, and dispose of them like cattle, but they even sell their own children into Slavery, and many are *worked up* on their own father's plantations. He was born in the State of Kentucky, and his master was a very bad specimen of a physician. He sometimes thought that his (Dr. Young's) parents held a counsel over him, for the purpose of considering what was best to be made of him, and after a great deal of anxious consultation they came to the conclusion that, as he was unfit for everything else, they would make a doctor of him (laughter). It is the practice there to contract with the physician, and they are paid £5 to £50, according to the number of whites and blacks in the family. The whites are visited and paid particular attention to whenever it may be required, but it is understood that the negroes must visit the physician. His master had a very large practice, particularly among the slaves, and, as he had no assistant, he (the lecturer) was, at the age of 14, taken into the doctor's shop, and first put to grinding up ointment, making pills, and afterwards to bleeding the slaves and pulling teeth (laughter). He well remembered his first attempt at tooth extracting. He got his man upon the floor, got astride upon him, fixed the instrument upon the wrong tooth, shut both his eyes, and pulled as hard as he could (laughter). His master gave him a good drubbing for his pains, and told him to try again. He did so, and then he got out the right one. Besides being a physician, his master carried on farming upon a small scale, having some 30 or 40 slaves, and on retiring from business he sold them to slave traders, to be taken to the far south. Being sent to St. Louis and let out, he was soon employed on board a steamboat plying between that city and New Orleans. A trader took a fancy to him on board the vessel and wanted to purchase him; and his master, though refusing to sell him, hired him out to that man; and it was during this time that he had an opportunity of learning more of the workings of Slavery than in any other position in which he had been while a slave. His business was to look after the slaves that were purchased and "to get them ready for the market." As soon as a gang of 40 or 50 slaves were collected, they were shipped on board a steamer and carried to the New Orleans market, the trader having previously advertised in the newspapers that he would be there on a certain day with a number of slaves, between the ages of 15 and 30, all able-bodied, and in the enjoyment of good health." Sometimes they would purchase slaves 35, 40, and even 50 years of age, but they always tried to sell them for a great many years younger than they really were. He had not been long with his master before he was called aside and instructed in "the rudiments of his profession," that of getting the negroes ready for the market, his master observing that they required a good deal of "brushing down and rubbing up" before they would fetch the price which was required. An old slave called Peter was pointed out to him, and he was directed to pull every grey hair out of the old man's head, shave off his whiskers, and teach him that he is only thirty—sometimes a very difficult matter. The planters, however, believe neither the slave nor the dealer, but find out the real age by some circuitous method. On going up to the man, he said, "Well, uncle Peter, how old do you call yourself?" Peter replied, "Well, if I live till next Christmas I think I will be either 40, 41, or 42, I don't know which." "Mr. Walker says that you are only 30," was the rejoinder. "But I tell you I am 40," said the man. "When you get down to the market," he replied, "if you say you are 40, you will get a flogging; and if you say you are 30, you wont." "Well then," said he, "I 'spec' I's only 30" (laughter). After giving an amusing dialogue between a slave and his purchaser, showing the stratagems which are used to ascertain the slave's age, the lecturer proceeded to say that the injury done to the slave was not the sole evil of American Slavery. They had only to look at the bad influences to be found throughout the southern States of America to be satisfied of the evil workings of the system. Compare society in the free with that of the slave States, and they would find that, in Virginia—the State in which Mrs. ex-President Tyler resides, and the best educated of the slave States—one out of every seven of the population above 21 years of age could neither read nor write; while, in Massachusetts—the best of the free States—only one out of every 500 above 20 can neither read nor write (hear, hear). It is also a fact that nothing is done in the slave States but the production of cotton, sugar, rice, &c., which is done by the slaves and ignorant overseers, while, in mechanical arts, and everything in which genius is required, they are altogether deficient. Look again at the American authors: he did not know a single author born and brought up in the southern States of America. Every man or woman of eminence in the United States, from Longfellow, the poet, to Hobbs, the lock-picker, is a native or resident of the free States. The South cannot claim one (hear, hear). He, however, regretted to say that the people of the free States are intimately connected with the existence of Slavery. The people of New York and Massachusetts would say that their's are free States; but, after all, the American States are nearly all the same—there is not a foot of soil in the entire country over which the stars and stripes wave where he (the lecturer) could stand and be free (hear, hear). Though born and brought up in the country—though his grandfather was one of those who fought in the great revolutionary war—there was not a foot of soil in that land where the slave-owner could not claim him as his property; and, under the infamous slave law passed three years ago, he could be seized in New York as soon as he landed there. Before the passing of that law, though a slave was not legally safe in the free States, public opinion protected him. The matter was left between the slave-owner and the slave. The law said, "you may go and catch your slave," but it did not provide how it was to be done; and public opinion being on the side of the slave, the master seldom went in opposition to it. Now if the lecturer were to return to the United States, the man who claimed him (Enoch Price) had only to point him out to the officers of justice, and it became their duty and the duty of the people of New York to arrest him, take him back to St. Louis, and place him in the hands of his old master, and this at the expense of the people of New York.

He went on to say: that law also provided that the fugitive slave should receive no sympathy whatever from the people of the Free States. Supposing that some of you were to take up your residence in New York, and that, in walking up Broadway, you were to meet me, shake me by the hand, and invite me to your home. In the meantime the telegraph is at work; Enoch Price is advised that I have arrived, for I am pretty well known in the United States, and immediately comes over to look for me. If Enoch Price cannot find me and could prove that I had remained a night in your house, or partook of a single meal at your table, you are liable to a penalty of 1,000 (£200), to suffer a year's imprisonment, and to pay the sum which Enoch Price claimed for me (hear, hear). Suppose again that you resided say in the State of Ohio, through which the slaves pass on their way to Canada, probably when seated at the fire at 10 o'clock at night, the servant would inform you that there was some one at the door; and on going you behold a woman with a child in her arms; and by the light of yonder moon you see the frost upon her forehead, and the tears trickling down her cheeks, and, in reply to your inquiries, she says that she is a runaway slave. You know the law, and, however you may sympathize with her distress, you dare not take her in. As you are reluctantly closing the door upon her, she implores you to give her something for her child. But if you give her a single bit of bread for the babe, the law declares that you shall be fined 1,000 dollars, and shall pay for both those slaves (sensation). Such is the fugitive slave law—a law, be it remembered, that was enacted by the free as well as by slave States. In Congress, the American House of Commons, the free States have a majority of 25 members, and therefore that law never could have passed without the sanction of the so-called free States (hear, hear). If any American visiting this country should tell you that he has nothing to do with Slavery—that he lives in the free States—ask him if he can give protection to a runaway slave in the State in which he lives? The lecturer went on to say that he came to this country in 1849, having been delegated a member of the Peace Congress at Paris by the American Peace Society, and having been also delegated by three conventions of coloured people. He went to Paris, and spoke to the Congress over which Victor Hugo presided, and then took a tour through Britain, intending to return to America in three or ten months; but in the meantime the fugitive slave law was enacted, and he was compelled to remain here while the friend to whom he had alluded was negotiating with Enoch Price for his release, but with what result was uncertain. He understood that some one had asserted that he was an impostor. If this were so, he could only say that he had been a very successful one, for he had, a year and a half ago, written a work, entitled, "Three years and a half in Europe; or the Places I have Seen and the people I have Met," which was reviewed favourably in the *Eclectic*, the *Athenæum*, the *Literary Gazette*, and most of the London papers, and he had lately completed "Clotel, or the President's daughter," a narrative of slave life, which was now being reviewed. If an impostor, he had succeeded very well among the sharp people of England (applause). The lecturer then proceeded to exhibit a variety of dissolving views, illustrative of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and scenes in his own life, which he explained in an interesting manner, relating several amusing anecdotes of his own eventful career. He resumed by saying that it would take a much longer time than he should think of occupying their attention to bring before them as he could wish the character of Slavery in the United States. An institution which is interwoven with all the political, and nearly all the religious and commercial, interests of the land—an institution that has more than twenty hundred millions of dollars invested in human beings, is not one to be brought before such an assembly, and all its features discussed, in one evening. One of the worst features of that system he conceived to be the fact of its being sanctioned by the religious people of that country—that religious men and woman are found owning, buying, and selling those who profess the same things as themselves (hear, hear). It is indeed melancholy to reflect that more than 2,000,000 of slaves are owned by persons who profess to be the followers of the Saviour (shame). Nothing had done more to bring Christianity into disrepute than the fact that Christian people are to be found among the worst slave-owners of that land (sensation)—and that ministers of the Gospel preach sermons, make prayers, and wrest Scripture to prove that Slavery is right. This fact had done more to build up infidelity than all the writings of Volney, Voltaire, Tom Paine and Hume put together (hear, hear). He believed it to be the duty of the people of England to enter their solemn protest against the existence of Slavery, and to do everything in their power to aid the cause of abolition. He did not ask them to act unwarrantably or to speak unkindly, but still they had a right to let the Americans know that they had no sympathy whatever with the spirit which would enslave a sixth portion of the entire population; and he believed that, if the Christians of Great Britain would only speak out to the Christian bodies of America, it would be the downfall of Slavery (hear, hear). It is only the just, pious, and excellent citizens of that land who give Slavery a character, and if, as some eminent divines had said, it had not the support of the religious portion of the public, it could not exist for a single year. He concluded by thanking the meeting for the patience with which they had listened to his remarks, and expressing a hope that at some future time he might again have the pleasure of addressing them, or that the abolition of American Slavery would come so speedily that there would be no need of again bringing the subject before them (applause).

Mr. JOSEPH MORGAN moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, remarking that in the eyes of the Redeemer, who died upon the cross for all mankind, there is nothing more grievous than the system which allows man to hold property in his fellow-man, and to buy and sell that which the Son of God laid down his precious life to save. We may congratulate ourselves upon living under the golden sceptre of Victoria, in whose dominions Slavery cannot exist. The poet has well said:

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of life its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it." (Applause.)

The Rev. J. DAVEY seconded the proposition, which was carried by acclamation.

The lecturer briefly acknowledged the compliment, remarking that it was not for the purpose of asking at the hands of his audience a vote of thanks that he appeared before them, but because he felt it a duty which he owed to his enslaved fellow-countrymen. He had also two daughters in London, whom he was trying to educate, to which purpose he devoted the proceeds of his lecture, in order that in the future they might have better advantages than himself. If ever he should have an opportunity of returning to America, and of relating to his fellow-countrymen the kindness which he had received in England, he should not place that shown to him by Hereford among the least (applause).

The meeting then separated.—*Hereford (Eng.) Times.*

[From the (Dublin) Nation.]

FREEDOM, WHITE AND BLACK.

To Thomas Francis Meagher.

MY DEAR SIR: I want to say a few solemn words to you across the Atlantic; and, as I desire to say them openly and above board, I shall ask our friend, Charles Gavan Duffy, to give the letter a place in the *Nation*. You read the *Nation* in your exile.

Last evening I read again, with renewed pleasure, your beautiful expressions of grateful feeling to the citizens of Waterford, because of their cordial and affectionate reception of your wife. Glowing and manly feelings, set in richer or more appropriate words, I have never perused. When your theme is a high and holy one, your genius enables you to carry all hearts with you, and it is little less powerful to lead the multitude when its dictates are less commendable.

This morning I have read your sentiments, expressed in no less fervid language, on a different theme—on the occasion of an entertainment given by the New Jersey Grenadiers, to which you were an invited guest. It is in reference to your expressions at that assemblage that I desire now to address you. I differ from you, as I have ever done, as to the value of physical force for the overthrow of tyranny. I believe a resort to it has ever tended to rivet the chains of Slavery more tightly, and that, in the few instances in the history of our race in which it has seemed to be successful, man's happiness has not been increased in reality, or his freedom secured through its means; but I do not mean to argue this point with you at present. Your "voice is still for war," while, "I must confess, my thoughts are turned on peace." But I am not about to test you on principles, but to bring you to the bar of public opinion upon your own.

You profess to hate Slavery with a deep and intense hatred. You profess to love liberty with an affection so ardent and sincere that, even with all your eloquence—and it is great—you find yourself unable to give full utterance to its impressions on your soul. Your hatred for the one, and your love of the other, induced you to peril your life, and cast you forth an exile from your native land. Are these feelings really rooted in your heart? or, are they not rather the emanations of a distempered patriotism, which limits your sensibilities, and prevents you from being the advocate of universal liberty? I want you to go into your own soul, and, as an honest and true man, answer the questions to your own conscience. I believe if you answer them truly, and then determine to act out your convictions, that there is no peace for you, no noisy, fearless popularity for you, in the dishonoured land of your adoption.

It is common to point to the United States of America as triumphant evidence of the value of physical force resistance to tyranny. Men say that freedom was gained and secured there, by a resort to arms. I contend that liberty was neither the aim nor the result of that contest which ended in their independence. Whips and chains for four millions of men—I include the free coloured people, as war and victory have done little more for them than for the slave—are the result, before the world, of that system of murder which you still rely on; and while your sympathies and your eloquence go forth, in words of power and beauty, in favour of the wronged of your race in Europe, those four millions of your brethren, in the midst of whom you have been uttering your burning words of freedom, are forgotten by you, and their wrongs, in comparison with which the wrongs of other people's rulers is mild in the extreme, passed over as unworthy a moment's consideration. Are principles so baseless? Is truth of so little value that, without dishonour, we may palter with both, and make them, too, our slaves, when we would use their sacred names as stepping stones to worldly honour and popularity? Or may we, in one hemisphere, and among one portion of God's people, hold them up as a standard of men's actions, and, in another, cast them aside and trample them under our feet? Are the Italians, and the Hungarians, and the Germans, and the French, and the Irish people to be encouraged to take arms, and though bloody means assert their freedom, and the coloured people of America not to receive a word of sympathy from Thomas Francis Meagher, whose eloquence is poured out like a torrent to stimulate the men of other lands to steep their hands in human gore, and to call into activity the fiery passions of our nature; to redress wrongs which whole ages of endurance would not render equal to one hour's existence of the blasting curse of chattel Slavery? I think this was a sentiment uttered by Jefferson, who felt the horrors of the system, but who had not the courage to shake himself free from it. Is liberty less the right of the black man than of the white man? If it be so, prove it. Show by what charter from God his rights are handed over to us, that we may tyrannise over him and use him as a beast for our purposes. He is weak—we are strong: such is the relative position of the tyrant and his victim everywhere. You deny the validity of this plea—be consistent, then, and while you are in a land of slave-drivers sanction not their denial of civil and social rights to the coloured people by your silence, or you will become a participator in these wrongs, and all your overflowing words, all those gifts of eloquence and genius of which you are the undoubted possessor in a large degree, will, instead of crowning you with honour, place you in the category with other gifted men who have prostituted their talents to base purposes, and who have been a bane and not a blessing to their race.

But I have better hopes of you, my friend. I trust you will distinguish yourself as an American citizen—as the friend of freedom—freedom for all. You cannot stop short on the threshold of the temple—you must enter boldly into the interior, and there, in the face of men and angels, proclaim yourself a true disciple. I have been looking for you to do this; I have been looking for John B. Dillon to do this; I have been looking for Richard O'Gorman to do this. I hope John Mitchel will, when he sets his foot on America, prove himself a true man."

This is enough. Mr. Haughton has written at least one thousand letters, all to this precise effect; and especially six or seven years ago, while the doomed white slaves of his own country were in the very crisis of their agony, we well remember that this worthy gentleman was seized with a paroxysm of violent sympathy with the fat negroes of America. He was in the midst of the most hideous and ignominious Slavery that ever deformed the world. "Slave-drivers" were living in Eccles street, around his very gates; slaves were crowding the poor-house jails, within sight of him, or dying like dogs, surplus slaves that they were, in the charnel-garrets of the Liberty. *Slaves*, we say, with no more rights, social or political, than Alabama negroes—the difference being that an Alabama negro is of value to his master, and that prudent men will actually pay certain dollars for one, and feed and clothe him afterwards; but the poor white soul was not only of no value to his born owner, but was found to be "surplus," and money was paid to chase him, kill him, make away with him off the face of the earth. Mr. Haughton knew it well; but these poor creatures laboured under two fatal disqualifications for the sympathy of so benevolent a man—they were white, and they were at his own door. His heart was in Africa: his tenderness was all dark in its complexion, telescopic in its view. Millions of his own countrymen were perishing, body and soul, in blind and bitter Slavery and barbarism—thousands of shiploads of the food that Providence sent to *them*, were floating off every morning to be consumed by their enemies; and the cruellest of all slave-drivers stood over them, with scourge and bayonet to see the deed done.

Mr. Haughton was a deep political economist, besides being a corn-merchant; and we do remember that when the Irish people were crying out in passionate terror and rage to close the ports, to stop the export of provisions, to bind up the open arteries that poured out their life so fast, this enlightened emancipator of the human race declined to join in any such demand, would not interfere with "free-trade," and was even so determined to carry out the great gospel of political economy (buying in the cheapest market and selling in the *dearest*), that he stored up corn, hoarded it like gold, always hoping the market would come to the very dearest, until it rotted in his store, and was thrown at last into the river Liffey. We cannot blame him—a man must live—besides, his feeling were too much absorbed at that time by the sufferings of Africans, not to speak of the Rajah of Sattara, whose unmerited wrongs touched his very soul. His indignation was all pre-engaged, and poured itself out upon "man-stealers and cradle-plunderers" many thousand of miles from home. At last he became a weariness, shall we say a bore?—and people began to abhor the very name of negro.

And here, now, after six years, we find Mr. Haughton as fresh as ever, saying the very same things that were then so tedious to us. Others may exert themselves to gain justice and freedom for Irish serfs; he, for his part, will stand by the negroes, and scathe the cradle-plunderers. But what *right* has this gentleman to expect Thomas F. Meagher, of the others whom he has named, to take up his wearisome song—which they always refused to sing at home? Now let us try to satisfy our pertinacious friend, if possible, by a little plain English—We are not Abolitionists; no more Abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work, by flogging or other needful coercion. "By your silence," says Mr. Haughton, "you will become a participator in their wrong." But, we will not be silent, when occasion calls for speech; and, as for being a participator in the wrongs, we, for our part, wish we had a good plantation well-stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama. There now—is Mr. Haughton content? What right has he to call upon Mr. Mitchel, the moment he sets his foot in America, to begin a crusade for a cause which, as Mr. Haughton knows, was always distasteful to him in Ireland? Are we a Jonah, that we should do this thing—that we should take up (whether we will or not) Mr. Haughton's outcry against Nineveh, that great city? Have we escaped out of the whale's belly for this?

Mr. Haughton is a good sort of man, though a monomaniac. Why will he persist in making himself an object of terror to his acquaintances? Why will he compel his friends to wish that some monster in human form had plundered his cradle when he was a baby?

THE HASHISH.*

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

> Of all the Orient lands can vaunt
> Of marvels, with our own competing,
> The strangest is the Hashish plant,
> And what will follow on its eating.
>
> What visions to the taster rise,
> Of Dervish or of Almeh dances,
> Of Eblis, or of Paradise,
> Set all aglow with Houri glances.
>
> The Mollah and the Christian dog
> Clap the same pipe beneath their noses;
> The Muezzin climbs the synagogue,
> The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses!
>
> The Arab by his desert well
> Sits choosing from some Caliph's daughters,
> And hears his single camel's bell
> Sound welcome to his regal quarters.
>
> The Koran-reader makes complaint
> Of Shitan dancing on and off it;
> The robber offers alms; the saint
> Drinks tokay and blasphemes the Prophet.
>
> Such scenes that Eastern plant awakes,
> But we have one ordained to beat it—
> The Hashisch of the West, that makes
> Or fools, or knaves, of all who eat it.
>
> It makes the merchant class, with ware
> And stock in trade, his fellow sinners;
> And factory lords, with equal care,
> Regard their spindles and their spinners.
>
> The preacher eats, and straight appears
> His Bible in a new translation:
> Its angels, negro-overseers,
> And Heaven itself a snug plantation.
>
> For seraph songs he takes the bark
> And bay of blood-hounds northward setting;
> The planter for a patriarch,
> With servants of his own begetting.
>
> The noisiest Democrat, with ease,
> It turns to Slavery's parish beadle;
> The shrewdest statesman eats, and sees
> Due southward point the polar needle!
>
> The man of peace, about whose dreams
> The sweet millennial angels cluster,
> Tastes the mad weed, and plots and schemes
> A noisy Cuban filibuster!
>
> The Judge partakes, and sits ere long
> Upon his bench a railing blackguard,
> Decides, off-hand, that right is wrong,
> And reads the ten commandments backward!
>
> Oh, potent plant! so rare a taste
> Has never Turk or Gentoo gotten;
> The hempen Hashish of the East
> Is powerless to our Western Cotton!

*A preparation of the *Cannabas Indica*, or Indian hemp, under the name of *Hashish*, or *Haschisch*, is famous throughout the Eastern world for its singular narcotic and intoxicating qualities, producing an agreeable hallucination, or *fantasia*, and disposing the eater to all kinds of exaggeration and extravagance. The effect of the *cotton plant*, mental, moral, religious and political, upon the people of the United States, would form a proper subject for a medico-philosophical essay like that of M. Morceau's "*Du Haschisch et de l' Alienation Mentale.*"

"Cotton!" said a distinguished speaker in Congress, some years ago—"Cotton! one would think, from the manner in which gentlemen speak of cotton, that all their conceptions of good were in that one word, cotton; that the destinies of this great nation were bound up in cotton; that the very thread of our fate, which the Parcæ are spinning for us, is, of cotton."—*Speech of Hon. R. C. Winthrop.*

—[*National Era.*

THE ENFORCEMENT OF HUMANITY TOWARDS SLAVES.

THE other day we quoted, from a journal of considerable circulation and influence in one of the oldest States of the Union, a protest expressed on the brutal language of a slave-driver against the interference of the law to prevent the inhuman usage of slaves by their masters. It is gratifying to learn—we knew, in fact, already—but it is gratifying to see demonstrated, by honourable examples, that this is not the general feeling at the South. Humanity and kindness are, in fact, of no climate, nor confined to any class or condition.

The Governor of South Carolina, in his late message to the legislature, draws the attention of the two Houses to the fact of the helpless condition of the black race in their state of servitude, in consequence of which the closest ties of nature are often cruelly severed by their owners. Some imperfect regulations, it is true, have been already made to limit the practice of selling children separately from their mothers; but these, it seems, are subject to exceptions and conditions which sadly interfere with their design. He says:

"The code very properly provides that slave children of tender years shall, at judicial and some other sales, be offered with their mothers, where the defendant in execution, &c., is the owner both of the mother and children; and that at such sales slaves must be offered, and, if practicable, sold in families. But it is allowable for either of the parties in interest to impair to a great extent, these very salutary enactments. The privisions, in my judgment, should be absolute, at least as it respects mothers and children of ten years of age and under, and husband and wife, where the latter relation is admitted by the owner of the slaves.

"These are relations which moral duty requires us to respect, and it can be no violation of policy to conform municipal law to good morals. It is universally conceded that slaves are reasonable beings—with the moral feelings, it is true, often obtuse, but susceptible of improvement. The husband and wife generally cherish affection for each other, and the mutual attachment of mother and child is usually strong. The mother is not always a wise counsellor, but she must be presumed to be the most constant and sincere the child has. Let, then, the latter enjoy the parental oversight during childhood, that it may be better prepared, by good principles and industrious habits, to act its part afterwards."

In this passage, it will be perceived that the chief magistrate of South Carolina touches upon the case of husband and wife, who are often separated by that great calamity of their condition, the liability to be sold to distant masters. The wrong is merely alluded to—the remedy is not urged. Perhaps the Governor thought that if the separation of the mother and her children were prohibited, it was as much as could be expected at one session of the legislature. If that source of misery were closed, the precedent might be used to abolish another cause of suffering, scarcely less acute.

We have before us, in the *Southern Review* for January, an article, the subject of which is a book lately published at Boston, entitled "The People." The reviewer, in dwelling upon the example of popular folly, and popular departures from the maxims of justice, takes occasion to dwell upon the shortcomings of the slaveholders in the treatment of their work-people. He says that the South should not boast of its treatment of slaves until its whole people have a distinct idea of what the government of slaves should be, and learn to exercise it intelligently. We hear of model prisons, and model houses of correction; travellers visit and admire the judicious blending of discipline with humanity. "Shall we," asks the reviewer, "hold our negroes cheaper than the outcasts of society in other places?"

That there are good masters—slave-owners whose conduct is a model in these respects—the reviewer admits. But he adds:

"But all this good wants organization, that its influence may be more felt; it should be brought out from its secret places, where it exists only in quiet, serious thought, and should grow into a system. If public opinion were to marshal itself, in favour of practical measures for the slaves, and leave off abstract theorizing in favour of the relations, the immediate effect would be that, as we now find, even in the most ignorant slaveholder, a familiarity with the favourite arguments with which the South sustains her position—for so much, undoubtedly, has her popular education done—we should find added thereto a practical familiarity with the most humane and most judicious methods of treatment."

There are brutal men everywhere, and the law which takes from the negro all power of resistance should, says the article from which we are quoting, for the sake of the master himself, put his passions under the cheek of strong and severe punishment, if he abuses his powers. After exhorting the legislatures of the slave States to reform boldly and without scruple their code relating to the slaves, the writer proceeds:

"We think that, in South Carolina, the law is behind public opinion as regards the cruel punishment of the slaves by his master. There is no provision to protect the slave from the abuse of his master's authority, except an old act of 1840, which provides that, in 'case any person or persons shall wilfully cut out the tongue, put out the eye, castrate, or cruelly scald, burn, or deprive any slave of any limb or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment, other than by whipping, or beating with a horsewhip, cow-skin, switch or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning such slave, every such person shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds current money.' In the first place, this punishment is ridiculously small—one hundred pounds current money being equal to only $61 23—and the act contains no punishment at all for the master who, with 'a horsewhip, cow-skin, switch or small stick,' shall whip a slave almost to death. There is surely need of reform here."

The writer regards a sound public opinion as of greater importance than any provisions of law; but he would have the law, which is one of the forms or expressing public opinion, keep pace with the public appreciation of the rights of the bondman. He remarks:

"The great evil of the separation of families has been much diminished among us by the efforts of all honest men; but public opinion must yet be brought to bear with sterner condemnation upon those traders whose conscience is still callous in this respect. The means that is below the common feeling of humanity is beyond the reach of public opinion, unless it comes in such a shape as to make its disgrace amount to outlawry; and legislation should add its provisions, that nothing may be left undone. Let no execution for debt separate a family; let any man who wantonly separates children of tender years from their parents be disqualified from holding slaves; he is certainly no fit person to be a slaveholder."

These sentiments are generous and honourable; that they have long been cherished by enlightened and humane men at the South, we question not; but we think that this emphatic expression of them, with a view of making them the basis of a legal recognition of the right of the slaves to humane treatment, without regard to the temper or caprices of his master, is the fruit of the recent discussions which have directed the attention of the world to Slavery as it exists in the United States. We are perfectly willing that the people of the South should imagine otherwise, as long as we see their ablest men engaged heartily in the effort to effect reforms so important and so greatly needed. So that the good be done, we are not disposed to wrangle about the cause. —*Evening Post.*

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,

At the Second Decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in Philadelphia.

Phonographically Reported, for The Liberator, by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

MR. CHAIRMAN: At this stage of our proceedings, this afternoon, I will not attempt to make an elaborate speech. It seems to me that no stronger proof of the degradation into which this nation has fallen, religiously, could possibly be adduced, than a defence, such as we had this morning, from the lips of our friend Mr. Burleigh, of a gathering like this, on this day of the week. The very fact that we are put upon trial, and are called upon to plead guilty or not guilty to the charge of infidelity, or Sabbath-breaking, in gathering together to "remember those in bonds as bound with them," is a fact utterly condemnatory of the prevailing religion. And we are gravely to defend ourselves against this imputation, made by a people who hold in their hands the New Testament, and read therein, complacently and approvingly, the scorching rebuke of Jesus to the Pharisees, who upbraided him as "not of God," because he healed the sick on the Sabbath day! "Are there not six days of the week," they asked, "on which the sick may come to be healed?" So, by nearly every religious denomination in the land, it is asked, "Are there not six days of the week, in which the cause of the slave may be advocated, without desecrating the Lord's day by an Anti-Slavery gathering?" In this great city, I presume, if a verdict of the churches could be taken, in regard to our being here for such a purpose to-day, we should find almost an unanimous vote recorded against us. We are here to help consummate the glorious mission of Jesus on earth, to raise up the bowed down, to deliver those that are oppressed and in prison; yet, we are desecrators of the Sabbath day! One thing is certain. Nature knows nothing of holy time. To-day the sun shines as it did yesterday, and as it will to-morrow. All the operations of Nature are uniform through all the days of the week. Hence, as many babes will be born of slave mothers to-day as were born yesterday. Would to God that there was a Sabbath day on which no slave could be added to the millions already in bonds! But, alas! no less than three hundred new victims will be born, seized and registered as property, on this "day of the Lord," by those who claim to hallow the day. And we are accused of desecrating it, because we are assembled to undo every burden and break every yoke; while those who are performing their ceremonial worship are the only genuine "Christians" in the land! There are fifty-two Sabbaths in the year, and on these alone the increase of the slave population is not less than fifteen thousand! Put these wretched victims into one sale, and all the popular religious worship in the land into the other, and that worship will assuredly kick the beam (applause).

We are Infidels, are we? Well, who would be recognised otherwise in a land like this? Who that is honest, manly, humane—who that loves God, and loves his race—would desire for a moment to pass current in this blood-stained land as a religious man? He who is willing to be publicly recognised as such, ought to hang his head for shame, and hide himself, until he is willing to come out and be branded as an "Infidel." Why do I say this? Because a religious reputation necessarily implies conformity to popular ideas and usages, and especially abject servility to the will of the Slave Power; that he who

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possesses it is a sycophant, a trimmer, or animated by the unnatural spirit of colourphobia. How is it possible, then, for such a man to be a sincere disciple of Him who was willing to be "made of no reputation," and to be accounted as one having a devil, in order that he might bless a lost and suffering race? Infidels, are we? What religious character had they whose memory we venerate? How did the prophets stand in their day and generation? As infidel to the popular religion—assailing, boldly and daringly, the holiest institutions, so esteemed—saying, "Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. The new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. When ye make many prayers, I will not hear. Your hands are full of blood. Wash you: make you clean!" How did such language then sound, do you suppose, in the ears of the "Godly," falsely so called? Of course, they were the infidels of their times. Yet we are the people who venerate their memories, and record as our judgment that the true religion was with them, and that they who put them to death, ostensibly for the glory of God, were animated by a Satanic spirit. But suppose that the prophets had contented themselves with simply extolling Abraham and Moses, and conforming to the popular standard of piety—would that have been any evidence of their love of God or man? None whatever.

Why do we love Jesus? Why do we dwell with such fondness and delight upon his character? He was "despised and rejected of men," in his day. Paul, Peter, and the rest of the Apostles—were they regarded as religious men while living? What if they had been satisfied with looking back to the past and glorifying those already glorified? What would it have availed, in regard to the redemption of the world? But they purposely eschewed a reputation for piety in their day. Jesus was crucified for no other alleged reason than that he was too wicked to live. He was regarded as a more heinous criminal than Barabbas, who was both a thief and a murderer. The Apostles were "pestilent and seditious fellows," "seeking to turn the world upside down," "the filth of the earth, and the offscouring of all things." Of course, they had no religious reputation.

Why is it that we, Protestants, venerate Luther? You know very well that he was branded as a heretic and an Infidel, and dared to be regarded as such, and that he stood up against all that was popularly esteemed as truly religious. And yet, we love him, admire him, and proudly refer to him as the great champion of Christian liberty, as pertaining to the rights of conscience. George Fox, William Penn, and Robert Barclay—what were they, and those who associated with them? Were they "religious" people, and so endorsed in their generation? No; just the reverse. But they did not shrink from the charge of heresy, and were willing to be called "Indel," for the Truth's sake. And do we not hallow their memories as truly good men, "of whom the world was not worthy?"

In our country, how easy it is for a clergyman—manufactured according to a particular pattern, and also to order—to stand up and say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ"—fancying he has made out a clear case, in regard to his piety! He is not ashamed of Christ at New Orleans, or Charleston, or Savannah, or anywhere else in this country—not he! And people exclaim—"What a pious saint he is, surely!" Pious! What is the quality of his piety? what the proof of his being in principle a good man? Is it to be found in the fact that he uses, like a parrot, the words of a book universally venerated, and of a faith everywhere embraced? It is an idle pretence, an empty boast. The test which, eighteen hundred years ago, was vital and searching is now like "salt which has lost its savour, fit only to be cast out, and trodden under foot of men." In our day, a popular profession of faith in Christ is as worthless as was the popular belief in Moses and Abraham in the days of Jesus. But when Paul stood up and said, "I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and *him crucified*," that was to be sublimely heroic. It meant something—everything; a willingness to suffer the loss of all things for the truth. For who was he of whom he thus spoke? It was of one recently crucified between two thieves, and regarded as worse than either; of one outlawed by all that was respectable, and honourable, and pious. Yet, in the face of persecution and death—in the face of "principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places"—he could courageously exclaim, "I am determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified! In him I see a deliverer, a Saviour, the true Messiah; and, therefore, I take my lot with him, persuaded that neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, shall be able to separate me from the love of God in Christ Jesus." Such a declaration, as a religious profession, means nothing now. The times are changed. We are living in another age, under other circumstances, which alter the case entirely. Christ is now everywhere honoured and accepted; but, I warn you, it is not the Christ of Judea. No, but a slave-holding, slave-driving, slave-breeding, and slave-trading Christ; for this nation will have no other Christ to reign over it. You see, therefore, that a public profession of faith in Christ costs nothing, tries nobody, is everywhere respectable, and everywhere leads to promotion in the Church and in the Government; and so is good for nothing.

How many there are who have gone to their churches, to-day, to perform public worship! But theirs is a pro-slavery worship. It consents to the enslavement of those three hundred babes, to whom I have referred. They can sit down in their richly-cushioned pews, and bravely sing martyr songs and hymns, as though they were ready to confront "the world, the flesh, and the devil," no matter how great the odds. Hear them!

"Though earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Still I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

Now, everybody knows that they cannot face their next-door neighbour (great laughter). This is simply to be in fashion; it is to be heroic—where there is no danger, where the "offence of the cross" has ceased. It is to have the "form of godliness, without the power." They are cowardly and time-serving; and the reason they are not found on the side of the slave to-day is, because theirs is a religion which goes only "in silver slippers," and cannot endure persecution.

Let me illustrate the point which I wish to impress upon your minds, touching a Christian profession in this country. If I should go over to England, and travel from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, exclaiming, "I am not ashamed to be known as an Abolitionist," would that be an indication of moral courage? Would it be any test of character. No. Why? Simply because there is nothing more popular in England than the Anti-Slavery cause. When Prince Albert can afford to take the chair at an Anti-Slavery meeting in Exeter Hall, and Queen Victoria to be a patron of the movement, and all classes of the people are loud and hearty in their denunciations of Slavery, it is an easy matter to make a profession of Anti-Slavery faith; for it is saying nothing more than this—"I am not ashamed to stand by the side of Prince Albert; I am not ashamed to be with Queen Victoria, and all the people of England" But in this land, where Anti-Slavery is abhorred, and scouted, and crucified, it is another matter. Then, everywhere openly to say—

"I am an Abolitionist!
I glory in the name,
Though now by Slavery's minions hissed,
And covered o'er with shame"—

means something; it is at least *prima facie* evidence that he who thus avows his sentiments is one who loves God, and loves his suffering brother man.

Well, my friends, we are accused of Infidelity. We cannot be otherwise esteemed, while things remain as they are, and we are true to the right. But let us take this for our consolation, as Paul did, "It is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment;" and again, "If we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him." It will all come right in the end.

Look at the matter, for a moment, in regard to the Bible, so much prized, professedly, in our land. You know that, among the slave population, that book is not allowed to be read. The American Church and clergy conspire, systematically and wilfully, to deprive them of it, though it is able to make those who read it "wise unto salvation." We are here to open the way for the circulation of that book, so that all who have it not may possess it; and yet, we are "Infidels," and they who take away the Bible are 'Christians'! Who would not be such an "Infidel"? or who would be such a "Christian"?

If you dare to doubt the plenary inspiration of the Bible, wo be unto you! Take care how you entertain a doubt whether every word in the book, from Genesis to Revelation, was given directly by the spirit of God, and is therefore true! A short time since, I went to Hartford, to attend a "Bible Convention," the call setting forth that, inasmuch as a great variety of conflicting opinions prevailed, in regard to the Bible, all persons interested in the question were respectfully invited to come together, each one to speak his own thoughts and present his own views; so, if possible, to effect a greater unanimity of sentiment. And yet, before that Convention assembled, the pulpits all over the country denounced it as an Infidel Convention, and the religious and political press joined in the outcry. But while you and I may not raise a doubt as to the plenary inspiration of the Bible, except to the injury of our character, the great religious bodies in our country may combine to suppress that volume among millions of heathenised slaves, and their piety is not to be brought into question, for one moment!

Let me say one word, in conclusion, in regard to this outcry of "Infidelity." I maintain that, whoever raises it, simply on the ground of a difference of opinion respecting the Bible, is a man who, if he calls himself a Protestant, should get down on his knees, and crawl all the way to Rome, and submissively kiss the great toe of the Pope (cheers). How is it possible, among Protestants, for any man to be an Infidel? Infidel to what, or to whom? What is Infidelity? Who shall oracularly determine what it is? Who shall play the Pope? I differ from another in my interpretation of the Bible, and he calls me an Infidel. Very well. He differs from me as widely as I do from him—shall I apply to him the same invidious epithet? What will be gained by it to either of us? The right of private judgment was the great distinctive doctrine of the Protestant Reformation, and it forever puts an end to Papal infallibility.

In Catholic Europe, a man may be an Infidel, because the Catholic Church is to judge in all matters of faith. But when it comes to Protestantism, the right of every man to think, speak and judge for himself, is acknowledged to be absolute and paramount. The Protestant, therefore, who raises the cry of "Infidel" against another, because he does not accept his views of the Bible, or of religious doctrine, is only so in name, but a Romanist in spirit, by his assumption of the robes of infallibility (applause). It is for every man to "be fully persuaded in his own mind." "So, then, every one of us must give account of himself to God," and to nobody else in the world.

SPEECH OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY,

DELIVERED AT THE SAME MEETING.

MR PRESIDENT: It is not my intention to detain you long with what I have to say. There are others here, whom I know you are more desirous to hear than myself. I rise, that I may identify myself with this cause anew, and with the peculiar feature of this cause, which is exhibited before the people of this city to-day. I rise to declare myself a member of the Anti-Slavery Church that meets here to-day (applause); to declare my belief that it is the true Church of Christ and of God in America. I am, as you know, a minister, yet in tolerably regular standing with a denomination of some respectability in certain portions of our country. It was said yesterday by our friend from Ohio (Mr. Barker), that he had no reputation to lay upon this altar. I have a very small reputation still remaining, I believe, which I hope you will be so kind as to accept, as an offering upon this altar, if it be worth anything (cheers).

I remember as the best—yes, when I look at it in all its connections and influences upon my life, I regard it as the happiest day of my existence—the day which brought me acquainted with Wm. Lloyd Garrison. It was at an early day, yes, on the day when he commenced his first Anti-Slavery lectures in Boston, October, 1830—and never was I more impressed by the religious spirit of any man than I was with the religious spirit of him, who has since been so traduced as an enemy of all religion, and an Infidel. The first day that I spent with him, I well remember, was in reading copies of the letters which he had written to the prominent ministers of religion in various parts of our country; not doubting then, for a moment, that when he should have spread before them the facts that had come to his knowledge during his residence in Maryland, and when he had explained to them so clearly as he had, the claims of the enslaved upon their sympathy and efforts—not doubting that they would at once espouse their cause, and be the leaders in the work of their redemption. I returned to the city of Boston a few months after the commencement of his work, and I shall never forget the expression of disappointment with which he met me, and told me that these letters had either received no notice at all from these prominent clergymen, or cold repulses. But yet, after all, he retained his faith in the ministers and churches, and his confidence in the professing members in those churches. It was not, indeed, until patience had almost ceased to be a virtue, and the demands of the enslaved were upon him, that he renounced his confidence, and set up a new Church of God in this land, a Church of such as would break the yoke of the oppressed.

I have not yet abandoned the sect, if it must be called a sect, to which I belonged, nor have I ceased to labour in my pulpit; but it has always been with the explicit avowal of my "unity" (to use a beautiful expression of the Friends' Society) with William Lloyd Garrison; and it is known of all men, who know me, that I will leave the pulpit when William Lloyd Garrison will not be welcomed there as often as he will favour us with a visit (loud applause). Never shall I maintain my place in what shall be called a Christian pulpit except so long as the doctrines of Anti-Slavery, the rights of all men, especially the rights of those men to whom their rights have been so long denied, shall be recognised as a subject appropriate for the most earnest discourses which the minister, or those whom he may invite to his pulpit, can deliver to the people. Such has been my course from the beginning; and I rejoice to know that there are others, who are still maintaining their places in the pulpit, and their fidelity to the slave. The pulpit has been a great instrumentality in the cause of God and Humanity; it will yet be a great instrumentality. I acknowledge the important services of the press; I recognise the momentous influence that is flowing forth from the Lyceum, where a greater freedom is allowed, if I may so say, than in the pulpit; I shall never cease to speak, in the strongest commendation, of the power for good which I think is wielded in Anti-Slavery gatherings, and in all other assemblies called by true and faithful men and women for the especial consideration of any great cause, and the advancement of truth on the earth. But, still, I cling to the pulpit, in the hope that it may yet redeem itself from that thraldom into which it has been brought by the Slave Power of our land. I believe that it will yet be redeemed, and that ere long the ministers of religion shall everywhere be found as true to the slave as they are to the deepest convictions of their own souls.

Sure am I, that no one who was present at the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, whether as a member of the Convention or as a witness of its proceedings, sure am I, that no one who was there failed to be impressed with the deeply religious spirit that pervaded those who engaged in that enterprise; and it has not been the fault of the Abolitionists that they have not retained their connection with the ministers and the churches in our land. The time is coming when the truth on this subject will be told; and it will be seen that it was not until we were repulsed again and again, rudely repulsed, and covered with every epithet of condemnation, that we turned us from the Church of the land to the people and to God. In my discourse this morning, in the pulpit of that noble brother, who has maintained himself in this city, as a minister of religion, without compromising in the least his fidelity to the slave, in the pulpit of William H. Furness, I said, as I have often said, and as I say again, that if I were called upon to quote that passage of Scripture which, more than any other, sets before us the peculiar and distinguishing difference of Christianity from all other religions, it would be this: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there"—even there, when about to engage in what most men account a peculiar religious service—"there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift on the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." True is it, as brother Phillips said, that some of those precepts of Christianity, which have been by most persons regarded as peculiar to Christ, were uttered before; but let me tell my brother they were uttered, but not exactly in the connection in which Christ placed them. True is it, that Moses and the prophets taught, as the first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and soul, and mind, and strength;" and you may also find, in the writings attributed to Moses, the second command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." *But you do not find the two commandments placed on the same level of importance.* It was left for Jesus Christ to show that the second command, that which respects our duty to our fellowmen, is as great even as the first, which respects our duty to God, and that the two are inseparable.

The peculiarity of Christianity is, that it holds up benevolence to man as the only unequivocal evidence of true piety to God. "Honour the king"—"Honour great men"—was a command given of old; given in the writings of Moses and the prophets. "Honour all men" was first given by an Apostle of Christ; "Honour Humanity"; and the teaching of Christ is, that he only who honours man—the highest manifestation of God upon earth—he only who honours Humanity, can honour the Father. His beloved Apostle said, "If a man say, I love G d, and hate his brother, he is a liar." "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" This, friends, is the peculiarity of the religion of Jesus, the distinguishing characteristic of Christianity; and it is because the Anti-Slavery host are inculcating obedience to the second command, as that which, more than all else, has been neglected in our land, that I cling to Anti-Slavery as the true Church in America. True is it, that in other parts of the world, it is now no test to declare one's self an Abolitionist. True is it, as Mr. Garrison so clearly expressed to us, that, in our country, and in most parts of Christendom, there is now no courage required in declaring one's self to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. But to declare one's self to be a brother of the lowest, the most despised in this land, and to claim for that brother the inalienable rights of humanity, that, indeed, requires still some courage, and I therefore honour those who do it. I ask not what may be a man's profession or faith; I ask not what may be a man's creed or system of theology; I ask only whether he gives unequivocal evidence of his fidelity to God, and his love of the Father, by his fidelity to the right, and his love of the brethren (aplpause), especially his poor brethren.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1854.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at the MELODEON, in Boston, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, Jan. 25th, 26th and 27th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The friends of the Society in particular, and of the Anti-Slavery Cause generally, are desired to be as fully represented as possible on this occasion, and thus to indicate afresh to the Slave Power of our country, that its doom is sealed—that its absolute and utter annihilation is decreed—that the conflict is to be carried on with renewed vigour—and that the Spirit of Emancipation is one that never grows weary or disheartened, but is always confident and elastic, and ever prompt to meet the common enemy.

In behalf of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, FRANCIS JACKSON, Pres.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec.

Twentieth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

THE brightness of the year 1854 did not fall without its shadows on the community of which we make a part The storms of the 28th and 29th of December, unprecedented in severity for many years, had brought to some homes actual bereavement or pecuniary loss, to many serious annoyance, inconvenience and anxiety, and to all, that subduing, saddening influence which is experienced, however temporarily, when any "great outrages of weather" unsettle the thoughtless security as to life and safety that usually pervade the public mind. For several days the mails were stopped, and almost all communication with the environs of Boston cut off. When tidings *could* arrive, and nearly every hour brought fresh intelligence of peril, disaster or shipwreck, it certainly would not be unnatural if, in some minds, the whole colouring of thought assumed a graver and more sober hue. This has been the case with ourselves. The Bazaar of 1853 has closed with what we are entitled, in our circumstances, to estimate as *brilliant success*, the receipts being about four thousand two hundred dollars. To the minds of most persons, the mention of a Ladies' Bazaar suggests the ideas of a purely gay and festal character, of an occasion where it is well if the gaiety and festivity do not degenerate into mere thoughtlessness and frivolity. How it may be in Bazaars designed for the support of popular charities, we are unable to say; but when we are speaking of one whose funds are devoted to the sustentation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, we assure all who are willing to listen, that ours is grave work, performed in any but a thoughtless and irresponsible spirit.

Let us recall for a moment the written records of thought and feeling that accompany the exquisite and beautiful donations of which the Bazaar is made up. These latter suggest only taste and skill, and elegant leisure, and abundant wealth; and the looker-on can hardly do else than associate such brightness of colouring and harmony of tint with the glow of health and happiness. But with these suggestions do the facts accord? Far from it. From the homes of actual poverty, from young girls painfully earning their own bread, and yet saving something to purchase the material that shall be fashioned into the gay clothing, never to be worn for their own decoration, from chambers of sickness and langour and helpless disease, from Asylums for the Blind, from schools that Charity has established for the help of the wholly indigent—it is from sources like these that very great and valuable assistance is obtained. True, also, the gifts of the happy and the prosperous are here; also, the glittering ornament that has graced many a gay pageant, the exquisite picture, in which the painter has made real his happiest conception, or recalled some favourite scene; the admired and successful volume, fresh from the hands of its author. The minister of religion, the philosopher, the artist and the poet have given us of their best, have freely contributed that spiritual and ideal wealth whose price is above rubies. But all these gifts, however diverse their sources, come to us with words of the most earnest encouragement, with assurance of exhaustless sympathy, and promises of continued support. Much of the help thus given by deed and word, is sent from other lands. To the moral beauty of the contribution, it adds not a little in our eyes that such is the case. The fact itself furnishes a most invigorating testimony to the truth of the principles on which the Anti-Slavery enterprise is based. By a spontaneous conviction, overmastering nationalities and usage, and creed and language, men differing, world-wide, in all beside, are labouring together in the promulgation of the cardinal doctrine of our Anti-Slavery creed, that *under no conceivable circumstances* can one man rightfully hold another as goods and chattels.

We have barely indicated the sources of the motives from and by which the donations to the Bazaar are obtained. Suffer us, on behalf of the immediate Managers and promoters of this effort, to assure these generous donors that they are received in a spirit not wholly unworthy of the great work to which they are consecrated. Our distant friends cannot know the difficulties and discouragements that at every step beset such an undertaking as ours. It is *the Twentieth Bazaar* that has just closed. The interest afforded by novelty and the spirit of adventure has long since died away. The number of Abolitionists in the city which sent back Thomas Sims is necessarily small, and of that small number only a few are so situated as to give to the Bazaar much earnest and effective labour. Many of the Committee do not reside in Boston, and several of its most efficient members are absent from the country.

Within the last two years, two of those who have been co-workers with us almost from the beginning of the conflict have passed onward to a higher service. The example of a long life devoted to deeds of self-sacrificing beneficence, the memory of beauty, genius and gifts still more excellent—these are all that remain to us.

Of the thousand petty toils and wearying annoyances and uncongenial duties that attend the Bazaar, we will not speak. They would be burdensome under any circumstances, for buying and selling, even when viewed as a prelude to getting gain, is not in itself an interesting occupation. Neither do we dwell on the misunderstandings and misrepresentations and absence of popular sympathy to which our position exposes us.

Why, then, do we refer to all this? Not, certainly, for the purpose of discouraging or saddening a single heart that has ever bade us God-speed.

There is a practice in the Catholic Church which, Protestant as we are, attracts our sympathy. Any suffering, no matter how earthly its character—any labour, however mundane and common place—becomes ennobled and sanctified if removed from the category of common duties, and performed as a religious offering. Let it be so with this Annual Bazaar. The prayers and blessings interwoven with so many memorials of patient toil, the gifts that enrich it, alike of the high and the low, the happy and the sorrowing, the self-sacrifice that marks every step of its progress, the weariness, care and anxiety that are its necessary attendants, let us, as it were, cast them all upon the altar of our faith, remembering, as we do so, the words, "To do good and communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

From the following towns and cities in Great Britain large and valuable donations were received: Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle, Leeds, Manchester, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dublin and Cork.

We had peculiar pleasure in the reception of the Liverpool Box, as it is the first we have ever received from that town. The close connection, too, that exists between Liverpool and the United States renders it doubly valuable. Probably no town in the United Kingdom is so pro-slavery in its sympathies as Liverpool, and hence, by help from such a quarter, we are the more encouraged. We are aware how much we owe to the influence of the Rev. Francis Bishop, whose travels, a year or two since, in this country, contrary to the usual experience of English gentlemen, particularly clergymen, seems but to have deepened his horror of American Slavery, and called forth his most strenuous efforts for its extinction.

The Bristol Box included collections from Cheltenham, Gloucester, Bridgewater, Bath, Frenchay, Chatham, Southampton, Isle of Wight, Yarmouth and Chudleigh. As usual, almost all the articles were pretty and well chosen, and some particularly elegant and valuable. This was especially the case in respect to the Honiton Lace. A great part of it—and several very handsome articles were received beside those contained in the Bristol box—was sold on the very first morning the Bazaar opened. A very beautiful Honiton Lace Pin Cushion, with the word *Liberty* formed in the work, the gift of the lace-maker, was greatly admired, and sold readily. The Basket Work was eagerly sought for, and, indeed, most of the Bristol articles found a good market.

Our Newcastle friends have again called us to mind. The congregation of the Rev. George Harris, though occupied with the erection of a new church, and unusual claims on their charity in consequence of the prevalence of cholera in their town, have yet remembered those who are forbidden, *by law*, to worship God according to their own consciences, and whose worldly estate is such, that a pestilence in their midst is esteemed a boon instead of a curse.

Leeds and Manchester have made their usual generous response to our call. All the little objects of taste and art, pictures, books, &c., contained in the Leeds box, and the Papier Mache in that from Manchester, were much valued. We should return our thanks in an especial manner to Mr. Wilson Armistead of Leeds, for books and tracts that actually reached us. We are not the less grateful for a larger and more valuable collection which it was not our fortune to receive. The vessel in which they were sent from Glasgow was shipwrecked and the package lost.

In respect to the very costly and elegant collection sent from London by Mrs. Massie, we have to regret that it should have arrived so late. Notwithstanding our utmost exertions, we were unable to obtain the box from the Custom House till the evening of the 29th, and the Bazaar closed on the 31st. The very pretty box from Cork was displayed at the same time, and the effect of their arrival was at once evinced in the greatly increased receipts; but still, as our first two days are always the best in respect to sales, we could not but regret that so many valuable and beautiful articles should have been absent at the opening. It is almost impossible to do full justice to the boxes arriving under such circumstances. They must necessarily be unpacked and examined under great difficulties. Mrs. Massie's full and ample lists were a great assistance; but as such beautiful crotchet work as that we received from Cork, is hardly known in this country, we should have been glad had our Cork friends affixed their own prices. The magnificent Ottomans in the London box were the admiration of all beholders, but we were able to dispose of only one. The other has been carefully reserved for another sale The beautiful Silvered Glass also met with its due appreciation and sold readily, no specimens so fine having been offered before in Boston. But the crowning glory of the London contribution were the very exquisite engravings presented by Thomas Agnew, Esq., of Manchester. The subjects are—"The Independents asserting Liberty of Conscience before the Westminister Assembly, 1644," and "The Royal Agricultural Society of England." In the former, most of the faces are portraits which have been taken at great expense and trouble from original paintings, and in the latter, the portraits are those of living individuals. Both these attracted very great attention, and the first named was purchased by Mr. Wendell Phillips, as were also the valuable portraits of Sir Humphrey Davy, John Dalton, Esq., and Rev. Dr. Massie. "The Royal Agricultural Society" will be sure to find a ready sale next year, as it would, we think, have done this, had it been received in sufficient season, as will also the beautiful "English Lake Scenery."

To the Rev. Dr. Massie the Bazaar is much indebted for a little work very tastefully got up, entitled, "Slavery, the Crime and Curse of America." A large number of copies having been received for gratuitous distribution, the Committee have circulated them as extensively as was possible, and as far as might be in their power, have endeavoured to bring the work before the notice of members of pro-slavery evangelical churches (if we may be allowed to depart so far from the original meaning of words, as to place them in such collocation).

Two of our Scotch boxes, those from Edinburgh and Glasgow, arrived in ample season, and having time for a very careful and thorough examination, we are prepared to speak of their contents in terms of high eulogy. The beautiful Embroidered Muslin, Shawls and Scarfs of different patterns, Dress Pieces and some very elegant Aprons, are the articles that occur to us on the Glasgow table as peculiarly saleable. On the Edinburgh table, one beautiful Prize Plaid Shawl with rose, thistle and shamrock worked upon it, and two Scarfs of the Murray pattern, were greatly admired. Scarfs of this description were in great request, and we could have sold many more than we did.

May we take the liberty of inserting here, that a handsome Highland Shawl, in which the colours are simply blue and white, would, at the next Bazaar, find a ready purchaser. Such an one has been inquired for, with praiseworthy perseverence for several years, and we would gladly, by-and-bye, be able to supply the demand.

We are grateful to our Edinburgh friends, for some very good Autographs. Those written particularly for the occasion, by the venerable James Montgomery were received with very great pleasure.

Owing to some unfortunate mistake in Great Britain, the abundant and beautiful collection of our Perth friends did not reach us till the second week of the Bazaar. The box was finally sent to New York instead of Boston, and it was only by great exertion on the part of Mr. Gay, that it arrived in season. The missing box had been waited for with so much anxiety, that its appearance was hailed with the utmost delight. The abundance, variety and beauty of its contents, fulfilled our warmest expectations. The Travelling Bags, Tidies Affghan Blankets, Crocheted Collars, Book and Flower Stands, were highly acceptable. Perhaps here is a fitting place to remark, that no Drawing Room Cushions, however beautiful, are so saleable with us as they have been. As we are able to furnish beautiful Tidies to accompany the Cushions, said Cushions last a most unreasonable time, and hence our supply this year somewhat exceeded the demand.

We must not omit to make mention of many towns that contributed generously, through the Scotch boxes. Contributions from Reading, Bolton, Leigh, Chelmsford, Leeds, Nottingham, Maidstone and Sheffield, were included in the Edinburgh collection; from Kinross, Milnathorb, Cumrie and Crieff, in that of Perth; from Auctherarder and Montrose, in that of Glasgow.

We must not forget Dublin, which, apart from the De La Rue Box, furnished in the judgment of the Committee the most attractive table with which she has ever presented us. Beside the usual supply of pretty and useful articles for ladies and children's wear a very handsome Bronze was greatly admired. Fish Scale Bracelets and Brooches, very pretty and tasteful, were something entirely new. The bog oak ornaments, Sea weed baskets and a great variety of toys and small articles, made this box very saleable. Of the De La Rue assortment we need say nothing. The mere name is sufficient to commend the workmanship to the patronage of our public. The friends who contribute to the purchase are assured that in no way can they invest their money more wisely. Speaking of contributions for this fund, a friend writes, "The most affecting of these is £1-9 1-2 pence from a young school mistress in Waterford, made up of shillings, sixpences and half-pence contributed by her little pupils and herself."

The Dublin box also contained handsome donations from Henry Fearncombe, of Wolverhampton, England, and from various ladies in Clara, Waterford, Wakefield and Lyons Mills.

The Ladies Anti-Slavery Society of Clogher, County Tyrone, sent a number of pretty and useful articles, besides a donation in money which we shall acknowledge in another place.

In the multiplicity of cares devolving upon the managers and saleswomen they hardly find time to suitably advertise some of their most valuable property. It is owing to this cause, we think, that two valuable works presented by R. D. Webb, of Dublin, remain unsold. We insert his notes respecting them in hope of still finding a purchaser, as, unlike many of our wares, these lose nothing by delay

PRODHON, *Revolutions de Paris*, 15 tom. 8. vo.
Par 1782–93.

This very curious book is in fact a series of papers on the events of the day, published from time to time through these five eventful years. It is edited throughout in the most ultra revolutionary spirit and justifies all the wildest and most shocking acts of the Terrorists. I believe such a set as the present to be extremely rare and from the nature and period of the publication that it must be so. Although connected with booksellers for the last thirty years, I have never seen another copy. This book would be an interesting addition to a public library. The present copy belonged to the late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas (Ireland), the Right Hon. John Dogherty.

I should mention that the volume was illustrated with cuts of a very rude kind, respecting some of the most terrible and ferocious acts of which they treat.

MARTIULIS EPIGRAMMATI. Venet 1495.

This edition will be found to be particularly described in *Burnet's Manuel du Libraire* and the prices which it brought at various sales range from sixty francs in the earlier to one hundred and five francs for copies more recently sold. With the exception of a few of the first leaves which are stained, the present copy is in beautiful condition, being almost as fresh and clear as if printed last year. It is bound in Russia.

The other volumes, of a more popular character, included in Mr. Webb's donation, sold readily, as did many copies of Anti-Slavery poetry, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Miss Ireland, of Belfast.

But among all the encouraging items of which we ought now to take note, none are more cheering than the tokens of sympathy received from our friends and associates in France. Not one of the valuable and beautiful donations received from them but comes charged with the earnest prayers and benedictions of the giver for our cause and its advocates. We entreat the Pastor Martin and the Pastor Monod, with their families, to receive the assurance of our deep gratitude for their valuable contributions.

To Madame and Monsieur Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, to Madame de Tourgueneff, to Madame Brenier, to Madame de Stael, to Mademoiselle Lecomte, to Madame Meynieu, to Mademoiselle Wild and Madame Juillerant, to Mesdames Byrne and Power, to Madame de Chaune, to Madame Belloc, to the family of the great and good ARAGO in particular, and to others not less deeply interested in our cause, we beg leave to express that sense of grateful obligation which will impel us to constant energy and fidelity in its service. In the midst of the persecution and violence we are so often obliged to witness and to meet, how much do we not owe to those friends who give us, from time to time, to feel the consolation of influences so kindly and gracious as those which come to us from France!

We will not attempt to enumerate the exquisite articles in China, Bronze, Buhl Ivory and Leather; the Pictures, Drawings, Photographs, Toys, and *petits objets* of every variety, that made up the Paris collection. We think the French box, of this year, the most elegant and attractive that Mrs. Chapman has ever been able to forward. A gift from Mrs. F. G. Shaw, of the wood work of Sorento, redolent of olive groves and orange bowers, furnished Christmas and New Year's presents that were entirely novel, while Mrs. Follen's contribution from London was rich in Pictures, Books, and the prettiest possible Toys.

We have alluded to the donations of the absent members of our Committee, simply for the purpose of showing that while we are holding out our hands to the whole world for help, we are performing a condition essential to securing the aid of others, helping ourselves and also "remembering those in bonds as bound with them," as well abroad as at home.

We now come to the detail of an event, at which we are greatly grieved, and where we are sure all abolition hearts will sympathize with us.

That a heavy pecuniary loss should have been sustained by a Cause so poor as ours, of course we deeply regret, but that is nothing to our sorrow that the most unwearied labour and generous devotion of time and money should be met with entire failure and disappointment.

Madame C. B. Hunt, a most earnest friend of the slave, resident in Stuttgart, Wurttemberg, not satisfied with her own private contribution to his cause, but anxious for some public expression of German sympathy, undertook, almost alone, to procure the presentation of this subject to the public, in connection with collections for the Bazaar. Her exertions were very ably seconded by Pralat Kapff, a clergyman of high standing, who introduced the subject to his congregation in a very impressive manner. The work was highly successful. German artisans contributed articles and fabrics unknown in this country. German ladies of rank sent rare articles from their family repositories. Authors gave their own volumes, and artists beautiful views of the Wurttemburg Alps and adjacent scenery. Madame H. writes as follows: "It would be gratifying to Mrs. Stowe to know that 'Uncle Tom' had so successfully performed his mission, that notwithstanding all the disadvantages your agent, as an unknown foreigner, had for bringing the cause before the public, still, from many distant places, as soon as the Bazaar was pointed out as a means of assisting in the emancipation of the oppressed, trifles were forwarded, some of them evidently from people in very humble life. Amongst others, I ought perhaps to mention the way in which I received the portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wurttemburg. They must have been sent by the donour, Philip Schmabried of Munclinigen, the day after he had the advertisement, and I have no doubt they were in his eyes the greatest ornament of his humble dwelling. 'Is the sender a framemaker, or has he a shop?' I asked the carrier who brought them. 'Lord bless you! he is only a peasant, and he took them down from his walls,' was the answer. I only hope they may find a purchaser who will recognise in them the hidden moral worth that they certainly possess, when one calls to mind the value persons of that class set upon such ornaments for their dwellings."

This precious box, the object of so much care and industry, and obtained under so many disadvantages, was wrecked in the steamer Humboldt, near Halifax. This fact supplies the apology for the non-appearance at the Bazaar of several articles mentioned in our advertisements.

It only remains to us to proffer to Madame Hunt and her coadjutors the assurance of a gratitude proportionate to their exertions. Their labour has been lost to the promotion of the Bazaar, lost to the treasury of the slave, but the fresh motive to hope and encouragement it has supplied to our hearts can never be lost, and as to their own souls, it shall in no wise lose its reward.

The contributions of the American Abolitionists are in amount about the same as in previous years. Horticultural Hall is so entirely inadequate in size, that we can hardly allow our country friends any room for separate tables, and this circumstance is naturally somewhat discouraging in its tendency. We hope it may be in our power to make more ample arrangements another year. Several of our most active Ladies' Societies have chosen to assist us by contributions of money rather than articles—a mode equally useful and acceptable. Other towns propose shortly the holding of Fairs at home, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the American Society. The greater part of our goods that remain unsold are forwarded to these sales. Our foreign friends will perceive that this arrangement prevents the necessity of any sacrifice of merchandise on our part, and much enlarges the sphere of our operations.

We have received, in various ways, valuable assistance from the following places: Boston, Springfield, Milford, Fitchburg, Leicester, Duxbury, Blackstone, Concord, Salem, Lynn, Fair Haven, Fall River, Danvers, Roxbury, Cummington, Weymouth, Cambridge, West Cambridge, Raynham, Dorchester, Hingham and Leominster, of Massachusetts; Rochester, Troy and Staten Island, New York; Portsmouth, Concord, Weare and Amherst, New Hampshire; Portland, Maine; Randolph, Vermont; and Brooklyn, Connecticut.

A great proportion of the articles contributed were of a useful character, and the more necessary on that account, so many of our foreign importations belonging so entirely to the domain of taste and art. Visiters occasionally say, "It is a pity you have not a larger variety of useful and cheap articles." To such we would reply, it is almost impossible, with our scanty accommodations, to give such goods due prominence; a good deal of clothing suitable for charitable purposes was necessarily overlooked on the present occasion. We propose, another year, if possible, to have the table devoted to the sale of particular goods, to have the articles so systematically arranged that the business bargain and sale may be greatly facilitated.

We owe special acknowledgment to Rochester, Portsmouth and Portland, for the very neat and beautiful ladies' work sent from those places. It is very well suited to the Boston demand To our Troy friend, we return our best thanks for "needle-work which is needle-work," and which proved eminently profitable to the Bazaar. The very tasteful article sent by Mrs. Howe, of Cambridge, sold at once. Among our American objects of taste, we must instance the beautiful Lamp Shades made by Mrs. Francis, of Cambridge, and Miss Bradford of Duxbury; the ingenious and tasteful Leather Work by Mrs. Bramhall and her friends, and the magnificent Bronze Vases presented by Dr. Dix. To Mr. John P. Jewett, we are greatly obliged for his generous gift of many popular Anti-Slavery works. A Herbarium, from Miss Wilbur, of Rochester, on which great time had been expended, we regret to say, was unsold; but we feel not the less obliged by the kindness that prompted the gift. We find such things are in little demand, people preferring to make their own collections.

We are indebted to Picton, Nova Scotia, for a few very nice articles.

Mr. Edmund Jackson's usual gift of twenty-five boxes of excellent Soap found, as usual, an immediate sale, as did much of the Britannia, Glass and Japaned Ware, so generously presented by Messrs Morey & Ober, P. F. Slane, Kanes & Johnson, E. N. Cate and J. C. Wyman, to whom we would beg leave to return our very sincere thanks.

We would also proffer them to Messrs. F. A. Sumner & Co., for their loan of china, and to the friends who so liberally supplied the refreshment table. The Committee feel, likewise, that they are again indebted, for such kindness and personal assistance as materially lightened the burden of their labours, to Mr. Daniel T. Curtis.

They are also very sensible of the courtesy of the gentlemen of the Horticultural Society's Committee.

It is as a simple act of justice that we would refer to the services of the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. Not ourselves only, but the whole American Society, are his debtors; it would have been with extreme difficulty that the Bazaars of the last two or three years could have been held at all had it not been for the most generous devotion of time and strength on his part.

We feel that we have given a very imperfect record of the gifts and labour, which have secured to the Bazaar so gratifying a measure of success; but, in view of the difficulty of recalling such a multiplicity of details, we know that our omissions will be pardoned.

An unusually large number of visiters and purchasers were in attendance, during the first week; but on the second, the very terrible storm, to which we have referred, proved most seriously detrimental. Commencing on the night of the 28th, it continued with unabated violence through the next day and night, leaving the streets almost impassible and completely precluding all access to numbers of the country friends who had postponed their visits till the Bazaar's second week. In the opinion of excellent judges, our receipts were diminished not less than $500, by this cause. As the Hall had been engaged, and all arrangements made, in prospect of closing on the 31st, it was not thought best to depart from the original intention.

When we take into account the storm, disappointments and hindrances, in respect to the arrival of boxes, and the absence of the Liberty Bell, which circumstances rendered it inconvenient to issue, and then remember that our receipts have exceeded those of last year by $200, we shall have occasion to feel that we have great reason for hope and encouragement.

While money-making is our primary object, we yet manage to secure collateral results of a very agreeable as well as useful character. The Bazaar furnishes an occasion, on which Anti-Slavery people of all shades of opinion, the pro-slavery world and the *Poco curante*, all meet together, and, from the conflict of sentiment and exchange of ideas that ensue, it cannot be but that good is evolved. Much social enjoyment and much serious business is compressed into the ten days through which the Bazaar continues, and many friends from a distance made their annual visit to Boston at this season.

After so long an absence from the scene of her early labours, as Mrs. Child's residence in New York has occasioned, we hailed her presence as a helper with the liveliest satisfaction. We sympathized with the great pleasure she must have experienced in comparing our present Bazaar with the first Anti-Slavery Fair, held in the December of 1834, entirely by the personal labours and contributions of herself and Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring. In every point of view, the reminiscence is full of encouragement.

With very earnest and peculiar emotions of interest, the Committee welcomed the presence and sympathy of Mrs. Stowe. We are very grateful for the kindness with which she placed at our disposal the very beautiful plate presented her by the friends of the slave in Great Britain. Placed in the centre of the Hall, it attracted much attention, and, of course, admiration. The letter of the Women of England, with its 576,000 signatures, was placed close by, bearing ample testimony to the universality of the Anti-Slavery spirit in that Kingdom. We trust its gentle and persuasive words may yet fulfil their holy mission.

One of Cumberworth's exquisite statuettes in bronze was included in the French collection. It represented a woman of colour with two white children on her lap. Nothing could be more striking and effective than the expression of the whole group. Its price was one hundred dollars. Various friends, visiting the Bazaar, combined in its purchase and presented it as "a mark of their respect and esteem," to Mr. Wendell Phillips—some of these not uniting in all his Anti-Slavery opinions, but highly appreciating his personal character and entire devotion to the service of that race that Cumberworth has so charmingly idealized.

Here, with thanks and blessings for all who have lent us the help of their word, or deed, or silent sympathy, we would gladly stop. We know that any

words of counsel or encouragement from us are, on this side the Atlantic, unneeded. The field of conflict and duty lies clearly before all other eyes as before ours, and on its perplexities or involvements we have no light that may not be equally shared by all.

It is not exactly thus with our coadjutors in Great Britain. Private correspondence assures us that there the position of the Society with which the Bazaar stands identified is not wholly apprehended, or even, when apprehended, accepted without much reservation and distrust. By incessant pains and promulgation we have at length made men understand, partially, at least, the catholicity and breadth of our platform, that on it men and women all nations, and conditions, and creeds, and politics, can meet in harmonious action, ignoring for the time all other differences of opinion, and united, so far as their Anti-Slavery life is concerned, by the recognition of the sin of Slavery, *under all circumstances*, and the duty, consequently, of its immediate abolition. Charges, grossly injurious and untrue, have been alleged against us. It has been said that, on this platform we have brought irrelevant and extraneous topics, and have endeavoured to make use of the time and instrumentalities of the Society for the inculcation of opinions foreign to the objects of our association. These charges have their foundation either in enmity to the great principles that we represent or in the strangest misapprehension. The dominant sects of the country can hardly understand that certain great, and, in their eyes, all-important, doctrines are no more to be asserted as truths on our platform, except incidentally, than are the converse propositions. Their members can enforce and illustrate Anti-Slavery truth in whatever way they please; but if smaller and more heretical bodies represented in our councils choose to use the same liberty, by speaking in their own theological tongue, the Society holds itself responsible for neither. It does not forbid the believer in endless punishment to urge repentance on slaveholders and pro-slavery men, by all the motives drawn from his own tremendous creed, neither has it aught to object when the preacher of universal salvation enforces the same repentance by alluding to the mercies that will, as he thinks, be extended to all. It is vulgarly said, "it takes all sorts of people to make a world." It takes all sorts of sects, and creeds, and parties, to make up a *pro-slavery* world, and hence, when we rally for the slave's liberation, common sense calls on us to unite all sects, and creeds, and parties in an Anti-Slavery fellowship. To make their arguments and appeals effective, people must necessarily use such as are real and influential to their own convictions; but if the slave's redemption be not their end, but simply the inculcation of their own theories on other subjects, be such theories right or wrong, then are the parties thus offending guilty of great and highly blamable dishonesty.—Against such, the Society guards itself as effectually as a liberal interpretation of parliamentary rules will admit. We believe no society, of so entirely popular a character, ever sinned less in respect to extraneous topics.

But another objection is presented, where the difficulty, intrinsic in the nature of the case, is, of course, more perplexing, and far less easy of solution. The enemies of the American Anti-Slavery Society have changed their ground. It is not an Infidel Society, say they, but a Society that has a great many Infidels in it. To look at this matter fairly requires a wider view than many of our British friends are able to take. Their own agitation for the abolition of West India Slavery offers nothing analogous to the state of things that has obtained for the last twenty years in this country. No institutions, either civil or ecclesiastical, were in the least affected in Great Britain by the abolition of West India Slavery. Half a dozen other questions—questions, too, religious rather than political—have involved important modifications of what may be called the institutions of the country. The Trinitarian controversy, the Papal aggression (so called), the disruption of the National Church of Scotland, afford instances of our meaning. But West India emancipation did not go down to the very marrow of things, as do these questions. It was a noble struggle with a mighty moneyed interest, and too great credit cannot be awarded to the British Abolitionists. But, we repeat, their situation differed very widely from ours. The Constitution of our country, as expounded by its authorized interpreters, has provided, by the most careful and astute arrangements, for the continuance and perpetuity of Slavery. All our civil institutions are, therefore, in some sense, based upon it. Having no national ecclesiastical establishment, we cannot affirm the same of the American Church, in the same absolute and positive sense, that we do of the State; and yet it is virtually and actually so. The voters and the church members are the same persons. The men who vote for the Fugitive Slave Bill on a week day, and avow themselves ready to carry out its requirements, are the same men who sit down at the Lord's table on Sunday.

To abolish Slavery, under such circumstances, is tantamount to a revolution. True, the Abolitionists pray and labour that it may be a bloodless one; but just so far as their weapons are spiritual, just in proportion as their warfare lies in the realm of ideas, will be the amount of the evil with which our foreign friends find fault, and which we are called upon to correct. This it is out of our power, in any direct way, to accomplish. Inwoven as Slavery is with every institution of the country, the earnest discussion of its abolition must always of necessity connect itself with a parallel discussion of the great doctrines underlying the whole civil and ecclesiastical fabric. We repeat, that this is not the fault of the Anti-Slavery Society, but something inherent in the nature of the case. Hence it is that the Abolitionists have looked so carefully to their foundation principles, *the sinfulness of Slavery under all circumstances, the duty of its abolition at all hazards*. It is in no rash or thoughtless spirit that they have initated opinions that have convulsed, and are destined still more mightily to shake, this whole nation. True, they began in ignorance whither their path might lead, ignorant of almost everything but that it is *safe to do right*, safe for the State, safe for the Church, safe for one's own soul.

We apprehend that now is the very time to have faith in God, to say that "having him for our refuge, we will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

It has been the every-day prayer of the churches of Puritan Christendom that the Lord "would overturn, and overturn, and overturn," preparatory to the coming His kingdom. To such of their members as offered this prayer in sincerity and truth, and not as mere idle words, it should not come with an overwhelming terror and astonishment when the salt that has lost its savour is being cast out and trodden under foot. If, with a few insignificant exceptions, the churches of America are the strongholds of oppression, slaveholding and slave-hunting forming no bar to communion with any sect, the revelation of such facts, and the recognition of the real character that they imply, must almost of necessity involve a parallel theological warfare.

If any evils pertain to such discussion, wo be to them by whom the offence cometh. Read the earlier remonstrances of the Abolitionists with the American Church. They contained no denial that she was "the very pillar and ground of the truth," till her own inhuman and profligate declarations made it a duty to Christianity for us to declare her no longer, in our eyes, its exponent. This naturally leads to wider discussions with which *we, as Abolitionists*, have nothing to do.

Of one thing we most sincerely assure our British friends: they incur no shadow of responsibility for any belief or unbelief that may prevail in this country. The sole results of the National Bazaar, with exceptions too trifling to be enumerated, go to the support of the *National Anti-Slavery Standard* and the maintainance of the Anti-Slavery Office in the city of New York. The Editors of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* are Messrs Sydney H. Gay and Oliver Johnson; Mr. Edmund Quincy, Corresponding Editor. Both as an Anti-Slavery and a literary paper, it sustains a deservedly high character, and cannot, we believe, be justly censured for any important departure from the great principles of mutual respect and toleration on which the members of the Society have bound themselves, in their associated capacity, to proceed. We challenge investigation on this point, and we beg all parties feeling themselves aggrieved to state in the columns of the paper the very words and phrases at which they take umbrage, and not to dwell in generals.

Let us hurriedly present one other consideration. The religious tenets professed by an overwhelming majority of the churches of the United States, almost without an exception by the churches in the slaveholding States (leaving Catholics entirely out of the question), are those denominated evangelical. Hence the increased temptation to support Slavery under which members of those sects labour. The liberal sects (to use popular phraseology) are small and comparatively insignificant bodies. There are only two or three Unitarian congregations, to our knowledge, south of Mason and Dixon's line. When we take into account the differences of belief in respect to church fellowship that exist between orthodox and liberal churches, it is very easy to see why the latter should find it much easier than the former to co-operate with the Anti-Slavery Society. The theory of the one sect is that the church is a society of good men (of the regenerate); of the other, that it is a society of men seeking to become such. With the one party, the sacrament is a seal of their acceptance; with the other, only a means of grace. One is bound to defend the personal Christianity of its communicants, the other not at all. Hence the difficulty that an orthodox man finds in acting with us, unless he be prepared to take the great step of coming out and being separate from churches which we denounce as apostate. The Unitarians and Universalists, holding very different views in regard to church fellowship, have very little temptation *religiously* to be untrue to the slave. It is from fashion and commerce and worldly considerations that their temptations arise.

We have said this to show that it is not from any sympathy existing between the Anti-Slavery Society and any one sect more than another, that so many of its prominet members and agents are either members of the liberal sect or belong to none at all.

To remedy this evil in the eyes of the evangelical Anti-Slavery churches of Great Britain, we would respectfully urge it upon them to care not for the heresies of a portion of the Abolitionists of this country, but to concern themselves energetically and at once with that practical infidelity which is sapping the foundation of every orthodox sect in the country. *Christianity and slaveholding cannot exist together.* Anti-Slavery as is the public sentiment of Great Britain, it must rise infinitely higher before it can tell upon the churches of this country. An apostate Abolitionist from the pulpits of Boston, fresh from the defence of the Fugitive Slave Law, is welcome to the Anti-Slavery pulpits *par excellence* of Great Britain. Such Anti-Slavery as this can never accomplish the work.

The exclusion of Dr. Prime from the platform of the British Bible Society was a triumph of Anti-Slavery principle, but the rarity of such an event was shown by the strong feeling with which it was received by the religious public of this country, who really seemed to think it a cause for war between the two nations. We again repeat it is for the churches of Great Britain to take strong and effective action on this subject, and that speedily. It is necessary to their own vitality, which must speedily perish before the blighting influence of pro-Slavery fellowship. "What communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial?"

We will add a few words more on the general question, and close a paper already too long.

The intellect of the civilized world is convinced as to the enormity of the system we are attacking. A new and unique mode of defence is beginning to obtain in some quarters. The sins and sufferings of Slavery are conceded, but Abolitionists are urged to patience, by what consideration think you? because God is patient with the sins and sufferings He witnesses! "He is patient because He is eternal," says St. Augustine.

We must confess that to speak of the Maker and Governor of all things, the self-existent and omniscient "whose Kingdom is where time and space are not," whose methods and sovereignty are in so many instances inscrutable, as waiting patiently for the evolution of His own all perfect purposes, and thence inferring that it is the duty of His creatures to look with patience on scenes of wrong and outrage which they could not contemplate patiently as borne for one day by themselves, is a species of cant the impiety of which is equalled only by its inhumanity.

With the heart of the nation colder and harder than marble, and a mere handful of men awake to the Slave's terrible wrongs and striving to create some sympathy for them, this miserable talk of patience and of judicial calmness in summing up the arguments on all sides of the question, and of scientific surveys of the whole field of conflict, appears to us extremely out of place.

"It is good to be always zealously affected in a good thing," is a maxim eminently safe to follow. The best stand-point from which to consider this question is that which the Slave occupies. We can but imperfectly approach to that, but perplexities become easy of solution in proportion as we do so. If we will but remember how much education and temperament and the providential arrangements of life have had to do with the formation of our most cherished opinions we shall be better able to exercise the virtue of a perfect toleration. We mean by this the allowance of the same rights to others in matters of religion that we claim for ourselves. This sentiment is easily assented to, but covers a great deal of ground. It implies that an individual has a perfect right not only to believe but to teach and promulgate as earnestly as he pleases whatever he thinks true. It does not bind us to read or to hear, to give him one sixpence of our money nor one hour of our time, or to be otherwise than sorry that he holds opinions we consider untrue. Farther than this an enlightened toleration forbids us to go. Earnest rebuke and moral indignation belong to wrong-doing and not to erroneous opinion. It is a confusion of mind on these points that has led to all the persecution and religious hatred that the world has ever witnessed. A life devoted to the service of God and man is the best testimony we can bring to the truth of our own creed and the best rebuke to the errors of that of another.

That the people living in the nineteenth and not in the sixteenth century may attain to this knowledge is our earnest prayer; that the Abolitionists have already done so is our hope. A. W WESTON.

January 16, 1854.

DONATIONS

To the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

Misses E. and M. Cushing, Hingham,	$6 00
Francis Jackson, Boston,	20 00
Concord Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, Mass.,	30 00
Friends of the Cause in Lynn, Mass., by Miriam Johnson,	30 00
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Misses Andrews, Newburyport, Mass.,	6 00
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Mrs. H. Stowe, Andover,	£10 0 0

DONATIONS

In Money to the Bazaar, received through the Leeds and Dublin Boxes.

Miss Parks, London,	£0 10 0
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MONEY

Received by Mrs. Chapman in Paris, and expended there for the benefit of the Bazaar.

Mlle Wild,	65 francs
Madame Duval,	20
Mlle De Montgolfier,	5
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Marcus Spring,	60
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Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring,	$10 00
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MERCHANDISE

Received for the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar.

2 boxes from Glasgow, by Andrew Paton.
1 box from Perth, by Mrs. David Morton.
1 box from Edinburgh, by Mrs Jane Wigham.
2 boxes from London, by Mrs. Massie.
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1 box from Bristol, by Mrs. H. Thomas.
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1 box from Newcastle, by Rev. George Harris.
1 box from Liverpool, by Rev. Francis Bishop.
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PARCELS

Received in the Bazaar Boxes, as follows:

Glasgow.	*Leeds.*
3 W. L. Garrison.	5 pks. Miss Grew.
2 Mrs. C. Bramhall.	4 F. Douglass.
1 H. C. Wright.	1 W. L. Garrison.
Letter for Mrs. Stowe.	1 Mrs. Stowe.
1 J. M. McKim.	
1 Miss Pugh.	*Bristol.*
1 S. May.	Rev. R. C. Waterston.
	Rev. Theodore Parker.
Liverpool.	Miss Weston.
Miss Pugh.	
Mr. May.	*London.*
Miss Weston.	Wendell Phillips.
Cev. S. H. Winkley.	A. W. Weston.

JOHN MITCHEL.

In the last number of the *Citizen*, John Mitchel's new paper, established here a few weeks ago, the editor says, "A Friend asks what the English papers mean by *vitriol*." And the editor, the John Mitchel aforsaid, proceeds to answer his correspondent by informing him, that in Paris and Berlin, in 1848, some women from the windows "judiciously" and with "wholesome effect," sprinkled the advancing soldiery with vitriol, which fact was stated at the time, in John Mitchel's paper, the *United Irishman*, with hearty approval. "Bless your innocent heart!" he adds to this explanation, "Vitriol is nothing. If there had been, as there ought to have been, an insurrection in Dublin, in 1848, and if the women in the upper stories could have rained *hell-fire* upon the enemies of their country, they would have watered the revolutionary garden till it blossomed like the rose."

Anything, John Mitchel thinks, is fair in war.—"Everything that will either kill, hurt, burn or blast an enemy is good." He is a regular fire-eater, this terrible Irishman. His very oaths, we doubt not, are, like Bob Acres', redolent of gunpowder, and crack like a pistol-shot. His knit eyebrows, and gleaming eyes put Spruce Street in a panic whenever he issues from his office; and the poor devils who print the *Citizen* thank mercy every night that their lives are spared another day. We pray God he may never come into Nassau st., this terrible man, who tells his "Foolish friend" to read Froissart and learn how "melted lead, red-hot sand, everything that could penetrate the joints of men's armour and cause them all varieties of terrible agony," were once a common defence, and ought to be again. Our revolutionary fathers used to pray to be delivered from Lord North, the Pope and the Devil, so we should add to our prayer book—from John Mitchel, Francis Meagher, and all other vitriolic patriots, Good Lord deliver us! It would be useless to deny that we are in a dangerous neighbourhood, though we claim to see one slight ray of hope; and that is, that inasmuch as there was no revolution in Dublin, Slievegammon, or any where else in Ireland, in '48, and as these men who talk so dreadfully resorted, in those trying times, to neither vitriol, melted lead, hot sand, or any other arms whatsoever, that they may be of that race of Irishmen who, if novelists and dramatists think truth, were not uncommon characters in England in the last century. There is great comfort in this thought, at least, though perhaps we ought not to rely much upon it.

Vitriol, hot lead, and the rest of them, at any rate, are evidently John Mitchel's weapons of moral warfare, for the truth of this assertion we refer our readers to the first page of this week's *Standard*. Any means are honourable, he thinks, against your enemies; and as a converse proposition, any means, no matter what, are equally honourable to gain friends, or to please them when gained. The *vials* of his wrath—the figure is unusually appropriate, considering the liquid he most loves—are poured out upon our poor friend James Haughton without stint. It will roll off from his helmet, we think, without hurting a hair of his head, and such lead and sand as Mitchel throws will find no open joints in Haughton's armour. The friend of Daniel O'Connell, and the co-worker of Father Mathew, whose whole life is in evidence of how much and wisely he loves his country and his countrymen, will not, where he is known, be injured by such missiles as these. That James Haughton is, and always has been, an Abolitionist, as "John Mitchel charges," is true. That James Haughton was not an advocate of armed revolution in '48, and was not, like John Mitchel, transported—not for what he did, but for what he endeavoured to incite others to do—to Botany Bay as a felon, this is true also. But which is the most consistent lover of liberty, and which is the wisest patriot, is not, we take it, settled against Haughton by these admissions. As to the charges of his storing corn and so aggravating the famine, we have simply to say, that we believe it a base falsehood of Mitchel's—the vitriol of his moral warfare. So much on that point we only feel called upon to say. And for the rest our readers may see for themselves, how John Mitchel for himself and his *blathering* friends stands the test which Mr. Haughton applies to them.

The *Citizen*, we think, has demolished no enemies, as so it is pleased to reckon the Abolitionists, this time. But has it made any friends? If it has not, it is past even pity. If one who holds himself to be an Apostle of Liberty; if one who believes himself chiefest among men, in these latter days, as a martyr in her Cause; if one who has sought for and cherishes a fame as a lover, above all personal considerations, of Freedom, and a hater, above all words, of tyranny; if such a man, so assuming and so thinking of himself, having bowed his head in the dust, and gathering and covering himself with the very dirt from the feet of the worst and the meanest of human oligarchies, for the paltry pittance of newspaper subscriptions, shall not gain even that; then, indeed, is he too low for commiseration. But, after all, we give him too much credit in supposing his a conscious degradation. He is, indeed, no more an apostle of Liberty than he is an Abolitionist—knows as little what *that* is as he knows of Moses, who killed a slave-driver with his own hand, and led a nation of fugitive slaves out of captivity. His republicanism here means nothing higher or better than "an Alabama plantation well stocked with healthy negroes." His blatant patriotism in Ireland would have been stopped as easily with a guager's office, or a high stool at a desk in Downing Street. His career thus far has been that of a foot-ball; it will chance, some day, if it has not already happened, that the turgid flatulence will be brought out of him, and he will lie as flat as a collapsed bladder, as little regarded, and as little capable of harm.

CORRECTION.—In the *Standard* of the 7th instant, owing to a blunder of the printer in making up the page, the marriage of William Lusk Crandal and Cornelia Clara Abell, at the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was inserted under the head "Died." It was so manifestly an error that we did not think a correction necessary; but having understood that some of the friends of the newly-married pair suspected us of an intention to perpetrate a joke or something worse, we hasten to offer this explanation, which we hope may be as satisfactory to all concerned as the marriage was agreeable to the parties and interesting to those who witnessed it.

LETTER FROM REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER.

THE writer of the following letter having left us at liberty either to forward it to E. Q. for his private edification or to publish it, as we might think best, we unhesitatingly decide not to permit our Corresponding Editor to monopolize its contents. If our distinguished Associate is to have the privilege of a laugh, we insist upon his sharing the cachinnatory pleasure with the readers of the *Standard*, for whose amusement and delectation he, no less than ourselves, is bound to cater. If his interest in the welfare of our clerical friend shall incline him to relieve his embarrassment by answering the questions respecting his age, his family and the safety of a controversy with himself, we entreat him to follow our benevolent example by letting the wise and eminently good-natured readers of this journal witness a new illustration of the grace and condescension with which he is accustomed to impart useful knowledge to all inquiring minds.

DEAR JOHNSON: I want to tell you how glad and happy I feel about that poor lecture of mine, which Mr. Quincy has so kindly noticed in the last *Standard*.

I am glad that I have given him an occasion for "merriment." A good laugh is a brave enheartener. And I am glad that my speech has been so much more potent and useful than I feared; hardworking, much abused, ill-rewarded Edmund Quincy has laughed! I am sincere. I mean no irony. Then, too, I'm *so* glad to find the proverbially exact memory of "E. Q." testifying that in "topics and phrases" I succeeded in reproducing the "paragraphs, speeches, and sermons" of "twenty years ago." Such was my aim. Is a thing untrue because it is old? And, next, I am glad to find, by the same reliable testimony, that the "*animus*" in my case was far different from the "*animus*" with which the same things are usually spoken. Good. Just what I aimed at. To speak a slaveholder's words and truths, without a slaveholder's passion, prejudice, or selfishness—in a word, his "*animus*." This was my aim. "E. Q." tells me of my success and it enheartens me. Then, too, there was nothing *new* in my speech, nothing "original." Good! again. My "common-places were earnest and well-meant!" Why, Johnson, that's just what I tried to do. These "common-places" are usually spoken with a bad *animus*, and I was trying to say them with a good *animus*, and it pleases me to think that, in E. Q.'s esteem, I succeeded, for I could not ask a more competent judge in the premises.

Is a truth less true for being common-place? and may I never say a "good thing" because some one has said it before? Tell Mr. Quincy that we are overrun with men here in New York who are straining after originality, oddity, and notoriety, rather than after usefulness and truth. Tell him that half of our lectures are mere squibs and rockets; that this community is dying for want of a steady supply of intellectual and moral daylight—in the shape of plain, practical, common-place truisms.

Stop! "Let me at him." I wont send messages—I'll speak right to him.

Mr. Quincy! I never hope to be original. Do you? Least of all do I expect to be or to seem original when speaking Anti-Slavery before an Anti-Slavery Society. And superlatively least of all, when I address an audience who fellowship the "American Anti-Slavery Society." You can talk Anti-Slavery, and every sentence will be a fact, or the logical powder to propel the bullet-fact that comes just after. And every shot tells. No man can gainsay you. Any man can resist you. *You* profess *Anti-Slavery*. I do not. It is your calling. It is not mine. It is an honest, nay, a Divine calling, which you and your compeers have obeyed. God bless you and keep you to the end. Yet I have chosen another. To me another voice has come. And mark my word. If *you* ever desert the sublime position which you have so nobly won, and so long occupied as the Daniels, the Jonahs, and the Jeremiahs of unanswerable warning, rebuke, and denunciation—a position for which God has educated you by much persecution, till you have become as accurate as the accusing angel and as relentless; if you ever desert it, may the whole world rise up and howl upon you as coward prophets—renegades; may some deep oblivion swallow you, and may you never know deliverance. It is no light thing to be put in charge of such messages, as God has taught you and yours to speak, and which you have spoken thus far with neither fear nor favour.

But, on the other hand, if I could, or if I ever do, make such a speech as it is your duty and your glory to make; if I should ever utter words immortal, such as Phillips, Garrison and Theodore Parker have spoken a score of times; by that very speech account me a traitor to my principles, a renegade from my profession and an apostate from Christ.

I am not familiar with the history of Dr. Channing's Anti-Slavery progress and views. I like, however, the term "emulsions," which I have often heard used in describing his sermons and essays on Slavery. It seems a favourite term with others beside yourself. I like it. If I apprehend it rightly, it means a soft, milky liniment, designed to soothe irritation and allay inflammation. And if Dr. Channing began with this spirit and saw cause afterwards to forsake it, then I prefer his former to his latter efforts. Mr. Quincy! I designed my recent lecture as an emulsion. And I very much crave the character and the reputation of an emulsive speaker. To every adulterous woman, or slaveholding man, "taken in the act" and rushed hotly into Christian presence, by accusations inexorable and *true*—nay, and to the accusers also—it is my desire to speak with gentleness—and win, if possible, a deep, thoughtful silence. And if, self-convicted, the throng or the central sinner of the throng, still listens and asks for my words, they shall ever be healing, emulsive words: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

I am glad, therefore, that in my late lecture I was able to speak in a way that reminded you of Dr. Channing's "emulsions." My aim was higher, it is true; but our best efforts are but spent balls—they ever fall below the mark. I am abundantly grateful that, in your esteem, I came so near to Christian gentleness, that I reminded you of such a man as Dr. Channing.

Then, friend Johnson, tell Mr. Quincy what I told you to tell him, and then let him read also what I have said *to* him And, you be sure and tell me, is HE young or old? I don't know, else I'd say something about it. Is HE smart? does HE come of a "distinguished family?" Is HE a "credit to the name HE bears?" These are important items in any great cause like this of Anti-Slavery. Does HE ever say original things? And when HE says things which *are* original and not common-place, does he sign himself "E. Q." or "D. Y." —which? I sincerely desire to know when it is that I read "original" efforts on the subject of Anti-Slavery. And then, Johnson, tell me, will it be safe or useful to go into a controversy with Quincy? What I have spoken, I have spoken. I do really think that the slave suffers no *peculiar* wrong. Mr. Quincy's thinking 'tother way don't convince me. Is HE easily persuaded? Would it be of any use for me to try to convert HIM? Will he let me off easy if I consent to argue? or, will he call my voice a "yelping" and my argument "a bark?" You know, Johnson, that thy servant is not a dog. But "E Q." does not know this yet.

Counsel me in this regard, friend Oliver. You know "E. Q." Can I whip him in a fair fight? Is it worth while for me to leave my work to say sharp things of and to Edmund Quincy? and, lastly, dear Oliver, if Mr. Giddings is sick again, remember I'm on hand—and have a right good will, and true Anti-Slavery heart, and, above all, right earnest love and almost childish admiration for the men, your compeers and co-labourers—with whom, none the less, I can never UNITE, I can only associate my labours. Your words I dare not speak. May our God bless them and you.

Yours truly, THOMAS K. BEECHER.

Williamsburgh, *N. Y., January*, 1854.

P. S. Tell "E. Q." that some things HE said made me laugh. Tell him to do it again.

MR. BEECHER'S LECTURE.—The pre-occupation of so much of our space by the Report of the National Anti-Slavery Bazaar leaves us room to notice only in brief terms the lecture (the sixth in the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course), delivered at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. From a man who is recognised as holding a high rank among the most fearless and eloquent champions of Freedom it was natural to expect much; and the crowded audience, waiting eagerly for the speaker's appearance, and cheering exultantly as he stepped upon the platform, showed that much *was* expected. We state only the simple truth when we say, that the anticipations and the hopes of Mr. Beecher's warmest admirers were fully realized in the masterly grasp of great principles, the power of argument and eloquence, the sharp yet genial wit, and the catholic and magnanimous spirit by which the lecture was characterized. For an hour and three-quarters he held the undivided attention of his audience, who seemed at the close to feel that the only fault of the discourse was not its length, but its brevity. We shall publish next week the best report that we can find.

LUCY STONE will deliver the Seventh Lecture in the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening next. We trust she may have a full house.

For the Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

WHILE the opponents of Slavery in this country have been looking for omens of success, chiefly in the political sky, and with anything but encouraging results, two events have occurred, in another department, of transcendent influence upon the progress of the cause of freedom. The one is the delineation of Slavery in the Story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the truthfulness and pathos of which have arrested the eye, and touched the heart of the world. The other is the co-operation and alliance of the New York *Tribune*, in ability and character the foremost journal in the world. The influence of the first of these events is at present the more obvious and better appreciated. The influence of the latter, though for the most part yet to be developed, will be more consequential and decisive.

It is about a year since the *Tribune* repudiated its partisan connections, and made its *hegira* from the narrow precincts of *Whigism*, to the high vantage ground of political independence. It had earnestly advocated the nomination of Gen. Scott to the Presidency, because he was the only candidate unpledged to the base schemes of the slaveholders. When that nomination was made, accompanied with the adoption of a policy to which the candidate was carefully pledged—a policy which utterly demoralized both party and candidate--Mr. Greeley, who had strenuously remonstrated against that policy, as fatal alike both to character and success, and whose impulsive indignation at it will long be remembered as one of the leading incidents of the campaign, was not in good conscience required to give it his support. But, not willing to have his honour coloured by a suspicion, he did repress his contempt for the fatuous servility of his party at Baltimore, and, with an earnestness and zeal that rebuked the treacherous coolness of those who had forced this base policy upon the Convention, entered into the thickest of the conflict. Once more his stirring voice was heard at the head of the forlorn columns of the Whig army, cheering on the true and denouncing the treacherous. Once more the *Tribune*, brilliant with the treasures of thought and genius, rolled its broad folds like a banner upon the breeze. In fact, upon Mr. Greeley fell the whole brunt of the last presidential battle. Both friends and foes united to award him honours of leadership; the former accusing him of deceiving them by his too sanguine hopes, the latter of ruining them by his odious and ill-starred connections. Though shorn of all his moral strength, and bound hand and foot by the *new ropes of the Compromise*, he was Sampson still; and but for the coldness and secret hostility of the very allies to whose counsels he had deferred, might have won for them a victory. But the election of 1852 had other lessons for his party and himself, and better results for the influence of his paper and the progress of freedom.

Though all the tactics of the war had been contrived against his will, for foregone disaster and defeats, like a faithful general he fought bravely in the trenches, till resistance was no longer available. But as soon as the smoke and dust had cleared from the field, he tendered his resignation and retired from the war.

The influence of the New York *Tribune*, too, upon whatever opinion or movement it may see fit to aid can scarcely be over-estimated. The extent of its pecuniary and mental resources, the completeness of its organization, the distinguished ability of its editorial department, the high-toned ambition that stimulates writers and correspondents to offer to its searching criticism nothing but the very best, and, above all, the peculiar attachment which subsists betwixt the editors and its half million readers, give to that journal a prestige far superior to that of any organ of our national administrations, and equal, if not superior, to that of the London *Times*, the organ of the commercial and conservative interests of Europe.

One page of the Daily and the whole of the Semi-Weekly *Tribune* is made up of reading matter, furnished almost exclusively by its editors, correspondents and reporters. If published in book form, this would be a daily issue of a work of one hundred and fifty pages of a duodecimo volume. Of course the contents of such a copious publication must be too various for particular description. During the past year they have embraced the journals of Congress, the State papers emanating periodically from the Executive departments, abstracts of scientific and literary lectures, reports of remarkable sermons, a record of the extraordinary conventions held in various parts of the country, to promote Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Education, Woman's Rights and Social Reform, narratives of travel and adventure in every quarter of the globe, a complete history of the events and phases of European progress, and articles in the department of pure literature of the highest value. The Crystal Palace has been reproduced for its distant readers, with a minuteness of description and completeness of explanation far more satisfactory than its inspection could be without such aid. But best of all have been its own criticisms and discussions. Upon all questions of home politics, it is no less outspoken and decided, and far more influential than when its utterance was the creed of a party. Many of its editorial articles have indicated a minuteness of knowledge, or depth of research, that have made them almost oracular. Not a personage has started out of obscurity to figure upon the theatre of history but the *Tribune* has been able to give some note of him. Upon all the intrigues of diplomatists, the plots of revolutionists and counterplots of reactionary governments, it has shed a flood of light. It has put its readers in communication with the living world and involved them in its interests.

This paper goes into the hands of more than one hundred thousand subscribers, for the most part sympathetic and bound to each other and its editor by ties of mutual confidence and high estimation. In most American journals, even where the editor is known, there is no personal relation between him and his readers. The editorial style is for the most part abstract and diplomatic. The *Tribune* is frank, and utters itself not only with force and eloquence, but with a feeling expressive of sentiment and character. There are in this country more men and women looking up to Mr. Greeley for counsel and co-operation than to Franklin Pierce, "presiding over the destinies" of the great republic, with millions in salaries to give away.

There are other papers more intrusive in public places, commercial journals lingering on the files of tavern reading rooms, on the desks of counting-houses, or the barrelled heads of grocers' shops, on their way to the receptacles of waste paper, but the *Tribune* goes home to the wife and daughter, to the study of the clergyman and scholar, to season the leisure of the tired labourer or the exhausted man of business. Men nourish it in their pockets and solace themselves with promise of its perusal, or carry it to their friends as they would a new poem or a sprightly novel.

Such a journal as this, with its wide and growing influence, in itself an institution, is now fully and avowedly committed to the Anti-Slavery cause. It has made hostility to American Slavery one of the main planks in its platform. It has opened its columns to the full discussion of the subject. It has given fraternal greetings to the scarred veterans of the Anti Slavery warfare. It has chronicled the history and noted the progress of Anti-Slavery in the country with heartiest interest and sympathy. It has sent over the whole land, upon the hundred thousand wings of its press, the fervid oratory and noble literature of reform. Its own editorial columns have contained more decided Anti-Slavery articles than can be found in the average of papers devoted exclusively to abolition. Its warfare upon Slavery has not been limited or restricted; it has not pleaded for its continuance as a local concern of the States. It has not gone out of its way to make reservations and concessions to its constitutional character. It has not spent itself in discussing its shifting and temporary issues, but it has attacked Slavery boldly, and criticised it closely upon the original Garrisonian theory: "*Slavery is in itself wrong, and should therefore be immediately abolished.*" Within the last year, Mr. Greeley has explicitly and emphatically denied the constitutionality of the slave system, in an article of great ability and originality, a position to which Mr. Mr. Giddings, and, if I mistake not, Messrs. Hale, Sumner and Chase, and the great bulk of the Free Soil party, are yet to come. I do not mean to predict that Mr. Greeley, as a private citizen, will cease to cast his vote with the Whig party, nor that the New York *Tribune* will flaunt the names of John P. Hale or Gerrit Smith as its next candidates for the Presidency, but I will predict that the New York *Tribune* can never again stand in the relation to the Whig party it once did. Political combinations may be formed, the very idea of which we might now deprecate; but, hereafter, whatever political attitude the *Tribune* assumes, the great Anti-Slavery public will be sure to assume with it.

We have two pledges of its fidelity, the one its own character, the other the character of its supporters. When, last year, Mr. Greeley honourably dissolved the connections between his journal and the Whigs, he raised the *Tribune* into a sphere of influence as safe from dictation as it is from competition. It seemed never before to have occured to our American statesmen that every question of politics could be discussed in a completely independent position, and that a man endowed with eloquence, genius, patriotism and philanthropy could affect public opinion with a hundred fold more force when unpledged to the policy and unamenable to the discipline of a party. More than this, by this change of position he elevated journalism itself and gave it new power, as an engine of controlling popular thought. Hereafter we shall not see the ludicrous spectacle of the less controlling the greater, the cart dragging the horse, the huckster of the caucus turning coppers for a candidate and then making requisition upon such talents as are employed in the public journals for the necessary quantum of eloquence, character and moral estimation to get him elected. Mahomet must go the mountain, the managers of the convention must call at the editor's office, to see what policy and what candidate will be likely to secure the cordial support of his five hundred thousand readers. It is apparent, then, that, occupying this position, with a full appreciation of its responsibility, the *Tribune* can never consent to be degraded or thrust from it.

In repudiating its original party association, the *Tribune* threw itself upon the support of the great Anti-Slavery public of the country. They have nobly responded to this confidence. The best virtue and the real moral power of the country have rallied to its support. Thousands of eyes moisten with tears of joy and benediction, thousands of hearts thrill with new hope and courage at every defiant word it utters against oppression and wrong. Every *God-speed* it pronounces in favour of freedom, temperance and progress is backed by the thunder of a million hearty *amens*. To believe that a man standing in the very centre of such influence, tasting the delicious sweets of power so much more actual than that of kings, will draw back to be the tool and *pack-horse* of scurvy, scheming politicians, is to believe in human reprobation and total depravity. *All hail*, then, the accession of the New York *Tribune* to the *advancing cause of freedom!*—T.

MARRIED.

LEONARD—SKEEANE.—On Sunday evening, Jan. 8, by Rev. J. W. C. Pennington, D. D., William H. Leonard to B. Elizabeth Skeeane, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

HAWORTH WETHERALD.—It is our painful duty to record, this week, the death of a devoted friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, and a valuable member of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. Haworth Wetherald died on the evening of the 7th inst., at his residence in Camden, N. J. As the Recording Secretary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, which office he filled, during years, he was well known to the Abolitionists of this State. More intimately was he known to the Executive Committee of that Society, with whom he laboured long and faithfully, winning their high esteem by his purity of heart, and fidelity of life. He has left them to mourn for him as for a brother beloved.

Ever reserved and modest in demeanour, quiet and gentle in spirit, his were the virtues which are most justly appreciated in private life, and all who knew him there will bear testimony to the beauty and excellence of his character. And he was ever equal to the trying emergencies of the Anti-Slavery conflict, true to the right, unswerving in his allegiance to the highest principles of reform. The daily life of such a man is a constant benefit to any community, and his death is a serious loss to a world where moral evil is so prevalent, and moral strength steadily to resist it so rare.

The calm serenity of his life had a fitting close in his peaceful death. The very great suffering of his last illness was borne with perfect resignation to his Heavenly Father's will; no murmur of impatience disturbed the calmness of his soul, and with the language of filial love and trust upon his lips, he passed through the portals of eternal life.—*Pa Freeman.*

The British Quarterlies
AND
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York, continue to Re-publish the following British Periodicals, viz.:

1.
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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
3.
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).
4.
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).
5.
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The present critical state of European affairs will render these publications unusually interesting during the year 1854. They will occupy a middle ground between the hastily written news-items, crude speculations, and flying rumours of the daily Journal, and the ponderous Tome of the future historian, written after the living interest and excitement of the great political events of the time shall have passed away. It is to these Periodicals that readers must look for the only really intelligible and reliable history of current events, and as such, in addition to their well-established literary, scientific, and theological character, we urge them upon the consideration of the reading public.

Arrangements are in progress for the receipt of early sheets from the British Publishers, by which we shall be able to place *all* our Reprints in the hands of subscribers, about as soon as they can be furnished with the foreign copies. Although this will involve a very large outlay on our part, we shall continue to furnish the Periodicals at the same low rates as heretofore, viz.:

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Miscellaneous Department.

CAPT. TIGHTFITT'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LAST DINNER-PARTY.

My favourite entertainment is a dinner-party. I have come to the time of life for it. An evening party is all very well for women and young people; but the nature of the robust sex require the solid charms of dinner. When I retired from the army, and set up house with Mrs. Tightfitt in ——, we quickly fell into a nice circle of dinner-giving acquaintance, with whom we have ever since lived on terms of the greatest amity. Times may change—consols may be at 78, and half Manchester at half time—but it never makes any difference in our nice quiet town. I am afraid some of my friends do not enjoy a well furnished table the less, when the conversation turns upon (as a prominent newspaper subject) the distresses of the country. My friends, however, like myself, are all moderate men, engaged in the cultivation of the Respectabilities. We deprecate excesses of whatever kind, and always feel extremely sorry when any of our acquaintance begins to show symptoms of want of self-control. So existence goes with us, as with thousands of other well-off people, who have little else to think of than how to live in as pleasant a manner as possible.

We had a very nice party at Sobrano Lodge last Thursday afternoon, ten guests being present, most of them married couples. The gentlemen being all of them lovers of good wine, and accustomed to the best, I deemed it necessary to set forth the primest qualities my cellar could afford. Besides Sherry and Bucellas on the table at dinner, we had Champagne and Sauterne handed about; and I think the consumption was three bottles of the former and two of the latter At the conclusion of what, I believe, may fairly be described as an elegant dinner, we had ice, *chased* by brandy and other cordials. The whole went off in capital style, and left the company in the finest possible humour. As I looked along the table, my heart rejoiced in the joy depicted on the friendly faces which met my gaze. The cloth being removed, the decanters were brought forward and set in circulation—first that ancient binity. Port and Sherry, in a double slider upon wheels; then Madeira, followed immediately by a small black bottle of Amontillado; finally, the silver-handled jug; being five in all. The ladies took their statutory glass each, and then retired to the drawing-room, to discuss bonnets, the characters of nursery maids, and the other profound, but to themselves exclusively interesting questions. We gentlemen, seven in number, sat still, to have a little quiet chat over our wine.

The conversation proved to be of a curiously mixed character, all owing to two of the company, who chanced to be determined talkers, but who on this occasion were set up on two totally opposite topics. Quarterly—an old officer, like myself—would speak of nothing but wine. Dr. Bowtell—a medical man, and a philanthropist—was eloquent on a visit he had lately paid to a large manufacturing town, and some inquiries he had made into the habits of the humbler class of its inhabitants.

Each kept up his own strain of talk without much regard to the other, some of the company listening to and joining with the one, and some with the other, according as they severally could command attention, whether by the interest of their topics or the emphasis and vociferation with which they discussed them. The consequence was, the most curious set of cross-readings which it was ever my lot to encounter.

"That's capital Sherry of yours, Tightfitt," said Quarterly; may I ask where you got it?"

"By all means. A friend of mine picked up two gross of it at the sale of the cellar of the Spanish Ambassador, and let me have a share of the spoil."

"Very high?"

"O enormous! eighty-four shillings. I dont grudge it, however, since it has turned out so fine."

Here the company in general helped themselves to the Ambassador—looked critically through their glasses, drank, smacked their lips, and allowed their countenances to settle down into a tone of knowingness, mixed with satisfaction.

"Well, as I was saying, I made a tour of the *wynds*, attended by a policeman. We started at eleven o'clock at night, and spent two hours in making our round. Such scenes we saw! *surface-drainage* everywhere, including the creaking stairs. Rooms of fourteen feet by twelve, strewed with thirty-eight half-naked human beings, of all ages and both sexes, Such an exhibition of what vice and that odious habit of drinking will reduce humanity to, it is absolutely sickening to think of. If the cholera come, what a harvest he must meet with in that festering mass of misery! Within a few streets we have the residences of placid well-to-do citizens, who seem totally unaware of their being such a focus of pestilence in their neighbourhood."

"I am told, Tightfitt, that Port has rather been coming in again of late. When I was in London, in spring, I made careful inquiries to see if there was such a thing as a really good old ripe article to be had, and I was told that a kind of vein of it has lately been hit upon in Ireland, owing to the break-up, I suppose, of a few old family-cellars, in the late revolution of property there. I secured a very small parcel, which had come out of Castle Fuddle in County Down, celebrated by Sir Jonah Barrington for its hospitality—a dreadful price though."

"How much?"

"A hundred and five. Perfectly frightful isn't it?"

"O, why, it may not be too much for a genuine dry Port, as Ports once were. You must let us taste it some day, Quarterly."

"I asked my guide if there were many thieves among these wretched people. 'O,' said he, there is every kind of wickedness here. 'And to what do you attribute it,' said I, 'that there are such hordes of outcast wretches in every British city, while there is no such thing in any other country, at least nowhere to the same extent, and in many countries—for instance, America—nothing of the kind at all?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'we can easily see how it comes about here. Our city supports a public house for every fifteen families. All our poor people suck in whiskey as they suck in the air. So, while there are some that escape free, many acquire intemperate habits; and where these are, as we well know, there can be neither health, wealth, nor decency. You see before you the dregs of the cup: but all through the homes of the working classes there are degrees of the same vice, and the same kind of consequences. Drink is the bane of the poor man, sir.'"

"O yes, Bowtell, there can be no doubt of that. They might all be very well off if they only would keep sober. If they will make beasts of themselves, how can we help it?"

"Tightfitt, the jug is empty. Shall I ring the bell?"

"If you please—thank you."

"By the way, how is your stock of Forty-one? Getting low, I fear."

"Rather. I shall soon be driven up to my Forty-four, I suspect. However, Fourty-four is turning out to be a capital claret, and I have lately been laying in an additional half-pipe of it."

"I hear that Forty-eight is to be the next good claret, and I understand it is beginning to be in request in the metropolis. We must be on the outlook for it, Tightfitt, I should not care if I joined with you for a pipe of it, though I dare say it can't be fit for drinking for two or three years to come."

"Very well; you know I am always disposed to be neighbourly in these things. Shall I write to Paris, or shall we deal with your London friend? Perhaps Butler would like to go in the same venture—possibly Wells too. What say you, gentlemen? Shall we have a half-pipe each, making two altogether?"

"The money spent on whiskey by these poor people is actually astonishing. From five to ten shillings a week may be considered as an average allowance for drink, out of the weekly wages of a very large proportion of our artisans. Glasgow could support the whole civil list of Great Britain out of her own spendings in this way. There need not be a poor man in the country, barring the old and disabled, and scarcely even them, if only drink were taken out of the way."

"Come, Bowtell, pass the decanter; but first help yourself, if you please."

"And just think how little there can be of noble morality, or of any aspirations towards things out of and above this life of ours where the only relief from long hours of toil is in the coarse enjoyments of the tavern. It is the opinion of many that an improved class of amusements is necessary, as part of the proper means for elevating the industrious orders; and I heartily wish that something of the kind were set about, while not neglecting direct appeals to the higher sentiments such as the clergy and others would wish to make. Some think to wean men away from public houses by the charms of a scientific lecture; but it is all in vain. A tavern parlour, with a small band of musicians, and a vocalist or two, carries it hollow from the lecture room."

"I must say, Tightfitt, I don't like that Port of yours quite so much as what we have had from you at your last party a fortnight ago. It is not quite the same, I think." [Careful inspection of colour, and an air of strong mental introspection on the countenance of the speaker, as if he were following something down his own throat].

"Why, what is the difference, think you?"

"I can hardly tell. Quite as good bouquet, I should say, but not just the same *fine farewell flavour* the last had. Is it really the same?"

"Try a bottle of a different lot which I think I have had rather longer." [I gave particular orders to an attendant, who *exit*.]

"And to think how poor people are at once drugged and pillaged at those beer places they frequent—how the stuff for which they lose the world and everything most precious to them, is, after all, a mockery and a cheat! O, I have really no patience with it!"

"Well, here is a specimen of the other lot of Port—tell me Quarterly, how this pleases you."

"Ah, that is very different! That must be the right thing at last." [Decanter circulated under general expressions of satisfaction. I was rather amused to discover afterwards, that, by mistake, the wine was precisely the same as the last.]

"Not quite the same *Romeo*, as our friend Jones calls it. By the way, did you hear what that bitter wretch Sharpe said of Jones' last party?"

"No; tell us."

"Why, when asked what sort of an affair it had been, he answered in his keen way: 'I haven't much to say of it, sir, but just this—that the wine was all corked, and the company all screwed."'

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Not so bad, after all, as what he said of White's first party."

"What was that?"

"'Strange fare, sir,' said he: 'we had brown soup at dinner; then brown soup again under the name of port wine after dinner; and, finally, brown soup once more as coffee in the drawing-room.' Deadly, isn't he?"

"Without education, to enable the poor to see their present habits in a proper light, and train them to aim at better things, I don't see how we are permanently to improve their condition. Ragged schools are merely a remedy, and an imperfect one, for the mischief after it has taken place. What is wanted is really improving education for the whole community! Men must be brought to set their hearts on higher and purer things than the whiskey bottle and the beer jug. Thus we shall prevent the mischief from taking place. Some of our friends sneer at the total abstinence principle; but, for my part, I am a friend to it. I know well there are some people who need no such restriction to keep them within proper bounds, but then there are many who have no chance of keeping right unless they taste not, handle not. For them it is the only safety." [Two guest entirely agree with Dr. Bowtell, that it was highly desirable that the Teetotal Society should receive all possible encouragement.]

"Hopgood, I am sorry to hear of how poor Cole is going. Quite losing regard for appearances, I am told—has for a long time been indulging in the forenoon—and lately got so far beyond the right point at Brewster's that Brewster determined never to invite him to dinner again. Railroad speculations, I fear, have had a good deal to do with it. It is a sad thing for his wife and family."

"Truly so. I understand the delirium tremens is likely soon to take him off."

"Quarterly, will you help yourself, and push the decanters along? We shall get coffee by and by; but, meanwhile, shall I pull my second last bottle of Thirty-four Claret for you? Or will you take a white wash of the Ambassador—or what shall it be?"

"Well, I think we must all come to this, that a strong effort for the reformation of the lower orders is absolutely necessary in this country. We have an eating cancer within, turning a great part of the body politic to corruption. We must get quit of it. If we don't, but on the contrary go on as we have been doing for some years past, the British name will cease to deserve that respect which it has hitherto enjoyed; and when we have lost respect, where shall we be?"

A final round of the Ambassador having been despatched, we moved up stairs to the drawing-room, and had coffee, followed as usual by a cordial. One or two of the gentlemen seemed anxious to enter into conversation with the ladies; but the ladies being, as is customary, placed in such a way on the sofas that there was no room for a gentleman amongst them, these would-be-gallant individuals were obliged to fall back on their gentlemen friends, who had gravitated into a cluster near the door. Some of them looked rather queer to unprejudiced eyes, and, between the public and me, no wonder, for I found that there had been fifteen bottles of one thing and another consumed that evening. Now, make a discount for the ladies——

Bowtell has since been announced as to preside at the next lemonade and raisin festival of the Dryborough Total Abstinence Society.—*English Paper*.

AN AMERICAN JOKE EXPLAINED.

We don't understand American institutions—that's a fact. We don't understand the American Press; which is one of the greatest of those institutions. Deficient in the sense of irony, we take the playful abandonment—the jocose mystification—of the American newspapers, as simple statement. Hence multitudes of dull worthy people among us will receive the New York *Tribune's* account of the reception of the runaway convict, Mitchel, at New York as a prosaic and authentic narrative of that event. Had Greenacre, by some chance, escaped the gallows, they will be inclined to think, he too would have been hailed with enthusiasm and acclamation, as an accession to the worth and manhood of American citizenship. For Mitchel resembled the other chiefly in the circumstance of not having been hanged. He was no mere political non-conformist and unsuccessful opponent of the existing order of things, vulgarly and technically termed a rebel. He was a traitor in the vilest sense of the word: a malignant hater of the Queen and the country: the sort of traitor that mediæval justice contemplated when it sentenced the criminal so called to be hanged, drawn and quartered. He was a sanguinary cruel caitiff; a dogged miscreant who not only preached pike massacres, but yelled and raved for sulphuric acid, which he would have had rascals to squirt into soldiers' eyes. Those, therefore, who are not up to American drollery will naturally be scandalized by the seemingly sympathetic description, given by the New York *Tribune*, of the advent of such a fellow amongst the freest and most enlightened people on earth. Says our facetious contemporary:

"As the *Prometheus* came up the river, she was boarded by Messrs. Meagher and William Mitchel, the brother of the patriot. The meeting between these friends in sorrow and persecution was affecting in the extreme. Tears of joy were shed on both sides."

Tears which scalded the cheeks down which they flowed; being vitriolic. Without this comment—which would have spoiled the gravity of the burlesque—the *Tribune* proceeds:

"On nearing the wharf, the news of Mr. Mitchel's arrival spread like wild-fire, and ships and piers were literally swarming with the immense throng who crowded to give him a freeman's welcome."

No doubt this is the naked truth. There are, unfortunately, a great many scoundrels and ruffians in New York who have an ardent admiration for a fellow scoundrel and ruffian. It is unnecessary that a New York journal should explain that these vagabonds are not Americans. But that explanation is requisite for our stolid readers, whom we will presently tell who the wretches really were. An individual of the noble and generous American nation would as soon think of hugging a rattle-snake or a copper-head, as of taking to his bosom the venomous and vitrol-squirting Mitchel.

As Mr. Mitchel and his companions proceeded to their destination, which, notwithstanding the impulsive nature of American moral feeling, was not the nearest pump—he experienced various honours, which the waggish reporter of his triumph enumerates with whimsical exaggeration—particularizing "roar of artillery," "dense mass of human beings," the carriages that bore them, being "followed by the throng," his way resembling "the march of a conqueror"—not by any means such a march as that of a man who is drummed out of his regiment. His friends, the funny journalist avers, "were almost ready to take him from the vehicle, and take him upon their shoulders," and he was "surrounded by a large number of the citizen-soldiery and Manhan's band. Among these troops were the "Irish rifles," whose weapon, of course, is the vitrol squirt—the "Mitchel Guard," the "Meagher Grenadiers," with "Cabbage Garden," probably emblazoned on their colours; and sundry other regiments and guards, which—it was superfluous to inform the New Yorkers—were ragged and—black.

Here lies the point of the whole joke. Misled by a parcel of Uncle-Tom-foolery, we are apt to regard the coloured population of the States as an oppressed race. They are, indeed, shunned and disliked; but that is entirely by reason of their incorrigible villainy. They won't work, but they squat on an estate, and if compelled to clear off and make room for industrious whites, they shoot the owner of the property from behind a hedge. Rescued from starvation consequent on their unthrift and laziness, they turn and curse the benefactor who feeds them. Such were they who shouted welcome to Mitchel; and only think how secure a people must feel in their republican liberty to permit a mob of savages to indulge in such a demonstration! This base and brutal multitude did not contain one American citizen. Their bands are stated to have played Irish melodies, "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and other national airs. No, no. The ragamuffins hated the stars as well as the stripes too much; and they no more played "Yankee Doodle" than Mitchel sang "Rule Brittania." Their music may have included Irish melodies; but their national airs were limited to the class comprising "Lucy Neal" and "Ole Dan Tucker." They were an assemblage of odious, miserable, ugly, degraded brutes, connecting links between mankind and the monkey. There was not a single Anglo-Saxon in the whole lot. In short, they were all—Niggers.—*Punch*.

HARVEST-HOME.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Come, let us mount the breezy down,
And hearken to the tumult blown
Up from the campaign and the town.

Lovely lights, smooth shadows sweet
Swiftly o'er croft and valley fleet,
And flood the hamlet at our feet;

Its groves, its hall, its grange that stood
When Bess was Queen, its steeple rude;
Its mill that patters in the wood;

And follow where the brooklet curls,
Seaward, or in cool shadow whirls,
Or silvery o'er its creases purls.

The harvest days are come again,
The vales are surging with the grain;
The merry work goes on amain;

Pale streaks of clouds scarce veil the blue,
Aghast the golden harvest hue,
The Autumn trees look fresh and new;

Wrinkled brows relax with glee,
And aged eyes they laugh to see
The sickles follow o'er the lea;

I see the little kerchief'd maid
With dimpling cheek, and boddice staid,
'Mid the stout striplings half afraid;

Her red lip and her soft blue eye
Mate the poppy's crimson die,
And the corn-flowers waving by;

I see the sire with bronzéd chest;
Mad babes amid the blithe unrest
Seem leaping from the mother's breast:

The mighty youth, the supple child
Go forth, the yellow sheaves are piled,
The toil is mirth, the mirth is wild!

Old head, and sunny forehead, peers
O'er the warm sea, or disappears,
Drowned amid the waving ears;

Barefoot urchins run, and hide
In hollows 'twixt the corn, or glide
Toward the tall sheaf's sunny side;

Lusty pleasures, hob-nailed fun,
Throng into the noonday sun,
And 'mid the merry reapers run.

Draw the clear October out;
Another, and another bout,
Then back to labour with a shout!

The banded sheaves stand orderly
Against the purple Autumn sky,
Like armies of Prosperity.

Hark! through the middle of the town
From the sunny slopes run down
Bawling boys and reapers brown;

Laughter flies from door to door
To see fat Plenty with his store
Led a captive by the poor;

Fettered in a golden chain,
Rolling in a burly wain,
Over valley, mount, and plain;

Right through the middle of the town,
With a great sheaf for a crown,
Onward he reels a happy clown.

Faintly cheers the tailor thin,
And the smith with sooty chin
Lends his hammer to the din;

And the master blithe and boon
Pours forth his boys that afternoon,
And locks his desk an hour too soon.

Yet, when the shadows eastward seen
O'er the smooth-shorn fallows lean,
And Silence sits where they have been,

Amid the gleaners I will stay,
While the shout and roundelay
Faint off, and daylight dies away

Dies away, and leaves me lone
With dim ghosts of years agone,
Summers parted, glories flown;

Till day beneath the West is rolled,
Till gray spire and tufted wold
Purple in the evening gold;

Memories, when old age is come,
Are stray ears that fleck the gloom,
And echoes of the Harvest-home.

—*Fraser's Magazine*.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR'S "LAST FRUIT OFF AN OLD TREE."

[From the London Examiner, Nov. 26.]

There is but one consideration that suggests unfitness in the grave and touching title to this volume. Fruits from the tree are subject to decay, but of the produce here garnered the chief part is imperishable. The book contains the thoughts and feelings of a noble spirit, uttered in words that stir us by their earnestness, and charms us by their tenderness. Now rugged with the strength of the patriot, now instinct with the refinement of the poet, they display everywhere a man so blessed with the immortality of worth and genius, that we lose the sense of mournfulness that would connect them with a farewell. Mingled with every word of valediction, the old thought arises—*non omnis moriar*. The parting will never be complete. Landor is one of those friends that cannot be lost.

Many and various are the subjects finely treated in these pages, and very wonderful appears to us the tenacity with which the writer's mind seems to have retained all good that ever came to it—the innocence of childhood, the warm-blooded generosities of youth tingling the cheeks at the sight of wrong, the vigour of reflection and the polished style of mature life, the beauties and the occasional faults that belong only to old age—all these now exist together in the writings of one who has long passed the customary term allotted to our days on earth. And full as the volume is of noble and tender thoughts, of wise and fruitful words, there is nothing in it by which its reader will be touched more deeply or more wholesomely than by those portions of it suggesting that

"Sweetest and saddest word *Adieu*,"

which must soon be said. It is suggested by the title, by the epigraph, and insensibly or directly by the greater part of the contents.

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

These lines stand near the title-page, and by their spirit the whole volume is pervaded. When the life of its author shall hereafter be written, perhaps in distant times, by one among the thousands who will hold his name in honour, how beautiful a picture will this volume enable him to present of the tranquillity with which the rest of death may be waited for, after a long life of healthy and hearty labour. The two following verses stand in the volume side by side, and the connection is suggestive:

"Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear."

"CI. ROSE AYLMER'S HAIR, GIVEN BY HER SISTER.

"Beautiful spoils! borne off from vanquished death!
Upon my heart's high altar shall ye lie,
Moved but by only one adorer's breath,
Retaining youth, rewarding constancy."

Here is death treated not lightly, but genially and gaily as a friend:

"CLXVI. AGE.

"Death, though I see him not, is near,
And grudges me my eightieth year.
Now, I would give him all these last
For one that fifty have run past,
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,
But bargains; those he will not strike."

Here, in another mood, a few lines full of melody express with exquisite completeness another of the thoughts that belong to the evening of life, ...

"CCXX.

"When clouds overhead the warmer ray,
And love has lived his little life away,
How dull and lingering comes the ancient tale
How sorrowful the song of nightingale!
At last by weariness, not pain oppress,
We pant for sleep, and find but broken rest;
A rest unbroken in due order comes,
And friends awake us in their happier homes."

But it is not alone in the pages that suggest the leave-taking, which can hardly at any time be said *not* to be at hand for all of us; it is not alone through such thoughts of the present and future that we are privileged to hold most near communion with the spirit of this brave-hearted old man. Not one just sympathy is dead in him. How full of manly tenderness, how touching, are these lines that dwell on the memory of Southey!—

"CLXX.

"It was a dream (ah! what is not a dream!)
In which I wandered through a boundless space
Peopled by those that peopled earth erewhile.
But who conducted me? That gentle Power—
Gentle as Death, Death's brother. On his brow
Some have seen poppies; and perhaps among
The many flowers about his wavy curls
Poppies there might be; roses I am sure
I saw, and dimmer amaranths between.
Lightly I thought I leapt across a grave
Smelling of cool, fresh turf, and sweet it smelt.
I would, but must not linger; I must on,
To tell my dream before forgetfulness
Sweeps it away, or breaks, or changes it.
I was among the Shades (if Shades they were),
And looked around me for some friendly hand
To guide me on my way, and tell me all
That compassed me around. I wished to find
One no less firm and ready than the guide
Of Alighieri, trustier far than he,
Higher in intellect, more conversant
With earth and heaven, and whatso lies between.
He stood before me. . . . Southey,
'Thou art he,'
Said I, 'whom I was wishing.'
'That I know,'
Replied the genial voice and radiant eye.
'We may be questioned, question we may not;
For that might cause to bubble forth again
Some bitter spring which crossed the pleasantest
And shadiest of our paths.'
'I do not ask,'
Said I, 'about your happiness; I see
The same serenity as when we walked
Along the downs of Clifton. Fifty years
Have rolled behind us since that summer-tide,
Nor thirty fewer since along the lake
Of Lario, to Bellagio villa-crowned,
Through the crip waves I urged my sideling bark,
Amid sweet salutation off the shore
From lordly Milan's proudly courteous dames.'
'Landor! I well remember it,' said he,
'I had just lost my first-born, only boy,
And then the heart is tender; lightest things
Sink into it, and dwell there evermore.'

The words were not yet spoken, when the air
Blew balmier; and around the parent's neck
An angel threw his arms: it was that son.
'Father! I felt you wished me,' said the boy,
'Behold me here!'
Gentle the sire's embrace,
Gentle his tone. 'See here your father's friend!'
He gazed into my face, then meekly said,
'He whom my father loves hath his reward
On earth; a richer one awaits him here.'"

Still farther back into the poet's unforgotten youth are we carried by the pure and delicate lines which we next quote:

"CCVIII.

"Tenderest of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! such, O Cowper! such wert thou,
But such are not the happiest: thou wert not,
'Tillborne where all those hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from Latin lore and Greek
I played the truant for thy sweeter 'Task,'
Nor since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seemed so precious; in one hour,
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!
Spenser shed over me his sunny dreams;
Chaucer far more enchanted me; the force
Of Milton was for boyhood too austere,
Yet often did I steal a glance at Eve;
Fitter for after years was Shakspeare's world,
Its distant light had not come down to mine.
Thy milder beams, with wholsome temperate warmth,
Filled the small chamber of my quiet breast.
I would become as like thee as I could;
First rose the wish and then the half belief,
Founded like other half and whole beliefs
On sand and chaff! 'We must be like,' said I,
'I loved my hare before I heard of his.'
'Twas very true; I loved him, though he stamped
Sometimes in anger, often moodily.
I am the better for it; still I love
God's unperverted creatures, one and all.
I dare not call them brute, lest they retort.
And here is one who looks into my face,
Waving his curly plumes upon his back,
And bids me promise faithfully, no hare
Of thine need fear him when they meet above."

And still, with these recollections of the past, it will be noticed, there is entwined a sense of the near future, a thought of immortality, which fills the mind with pure and peaceful thoughts. Who should fear death and heaven?

"CCXXI. ON THE APPROACH OF A SISTER'S DEATH.

"Spirit who risest to eternal day,
O hear me in thy flight!
Detain thee longer on that opening way
I would not if I might.

"Methinks a thousand come between us two
Whom thou wouldst rather hear:
Fraternal love thou smilest on; but who
Are they that press more near?

"The sorrowful, and innocent, and wronged!
Yes, these are more thy own—
For these wilt thou be pleading, seraph-tongued,
(How soon!) before the Throne."

To such labour the brother will also himself be welcomed; and it will be no new labour to him. For the sorrowful, and innocent, and wronged, the best part of his efforts here among us have been spent. Even this "*Last Fruit*" has been printed for the benefit of the Madiai. Against tyranny and wrong-doing no living voice has been ever more loudly lifted than Landor's; no man has ever lived more ready to kindle with enthusiasm at the sight of noble deeds—more eager to demand for all things he found great and good the admiration of his fellows. Such labours and such emotions mingle with his inmost being, are intertwined with his most sacred private thoughts, and are as truly and perfectly part of the true man as even the closest home affections. See them manifested here:

"CLXXX. ROLAND.

"When she whose glory casts in shade
France and her best and bravest, was conveyed
Thither where all worth praise had bled,
An aged man in the same car was led
To the same end. The only way,
Roland! to soothe his fear didst thou essay.
'Oh, sir! indeed you must not see
The blood that is about to flow from me.
Mount first these steps. A mother torn
From her one child worse pangs each day hath borne.'
He trembled . . but obeyed the word . .
Then sprang she up and met the reeking sword."

"CLXXXI. CORDAY.

"Hearts must not sink at seeing Law lie dead;
No, Corday, no!
Else Justice had not crowned in heaven thy head
Profaned below.

"Three women France hath borne, each greater far
Than all her men;
And greater many were than any are
At sword or pen.

"Corneille, the first among Gaul's rhymer race,
Whose soul was free,
Descends from his high station, proud to trace
His line in thee.

"CLXXXII. JANE OF ARC.

"O Maid of *Arc!* why dare I not to say
Of *Orleans?* There through flames thy glory shone.
Accursed, thrice accursed be the day
When English tongues could mock thy parting groan.

"With saints and angels thou art seated now,
And with true-hearted patriots, host more rare!
To thine is bent in love a Milton's brow,
With many a Demon under . . and Voltaire."

Again:

"CIV. THE ONE GRAVE.

"Though other friends have died in other days,
One grave there is where memory sinks and stays."

"CV. HENRY THE EIGHTH.

"Thou murderous man! a time there comes, we trust,
When, king's or peasant's, dust springs forth from dust;
Then, when the spirit its own form shall see,
Beauteous or hideous, woe then, wretch, to thee!"

Men utter their hearts most freely in verse, and for that reason we have been tempted to dwell much upon what is in fact the least important part of the contents of Mr. Landor's volume—the poetry. The prose, which occupies the larger space, is in no respect less admirable. It includes eighteen imaginary conversations of contemporary speakers, of whom, and of the subjects on which they converse, Mr. Landor tells us his own opinion in the preface—thus:

"No sculptor can work in sandstone so artistically and effectively as in alabaster and marble.

"In the sight of higher intelligences, the Pio Nonos, the Nicholasses, the Louis Philippes, the Louis Napoleons, and their domestics, in caps and hoods, in flounces and furbelows, in ribbons and corsages, in stars and crosses, are of mis-shapen and friable clay, not even '*de meliore luto*.'

"In the sight of the Highest Intelligence of all, the poor humble Madiai, we are informed by unerring authority, are far superior to such as 'affect the nod,' and assume the attributes of deity. Grateful for the gifts that have been imparted to me, and for the few talents, easy of computation, which study, and thought, and industry have added, I have been content to look no higher than the Acropolis of Athens, and to carry back with me, into the libraries of my friends, the impressions I have taken from the physiognomies of Solon and Pericles, of Phocion and Epicurus; and of placing Diogenes and Plato and Xenophon in their proper light, and where they may be seen distinctly, and walked round. Pleasant as any of my hours in that most delightful of regions, were those I spent with Aspasia, and Leontion, and Themisto; we called her Ternissa, and she preferred the name.

"Homely, very homely, are the countenances and figures of the Madiai. But they also have their heroism; they took the same choice as Hercules, preferring virtue to pleasure, labour to ease, rectitude to obliquity; patient of imprisonment, and worshipping God with unfaltering devotion; unterrified by the menaces of death. May they awaken, if not enthusiasm, at least benevolence! In which hope, on the behalf, and for their sole emolument, I edit this volume.

"A great part of the prose bears a reference to those persons, and that system, under which the Madiai were deprived of freedom, of health, of air, and what is also a necessary to life, the consolation of friendship; there crime being the worship of God as God himself commanded, and not as man commands"

There is nevertheless no lack of the old spirit in these conversations. We still see that they are shaped by the hand of the master, though he may have shaped them only out of clay. Yet here, too, we, in common with all readers, shall find nothing so interesting as the words which bring us into more immediate contact with the friend who speaks to us from its pages. The following occurs in a conversation between Béranger and Larochejaquelin. The anecdote is characteristic, and no reader will doubt who is the English gentleman spoken of:

"I heard, it reported in this city, that when the French general landed at Civita Vecchia, with a lie in his mouth, thrust into it by the President, an English gentleman sent back the work on artillery which the President had given to him. This gentleman was in the habitude of meeting the Prince at Lady Blessington's, under whose roof a greater number of remarkable and illustrious men assembled from all nations than under any other since roofs took the place of caverns When he returned to London from his captivity at Ham, he was greeted by Lady Blessington's friend, '*as having escaped the two heaviest of misfortunes, a prison and a throne.*'

"'Whichever of the two may befall me,' said the Prince, 'I hope I shall see you.'

"'If a prison,' said the other, 'the thing is possible; if a throne, not.'"

Our next extract is a piece of as fine English prose as ever was written, connected with a pleasant reference to the author's literary life and character:

"ARCHDEACON HARE.

"Envy of pre-eminence is universal and everlasting. Little men, whenever they find an opportunity, follow the steps of greater in this dark declivity. The apple of Discord was full-grown soon after the Creation. It fell between the two first brothers in the garden of Eden; it fell between two later on the plain of Thebes Narrow was the interval, when again it gleamed portentously on the short grass of Ida. It rolled into the palace of Pella, dividing Philip and 'Philip's godlike son.' It followed that insatiable youth to the extremities of his conquests, and even to his sepulchre; then it broke the invincible phalanx, and scattered the captains wide apart. It lay in the gates of Carthage so that they could not close against the enemy: it lay between the generous and magnate families of Scipio and Gracchus. Marius and Sulla, Julius and Pompeius, Octavius and Antonius, were not the last who experienced its fatal malignity. King imprisoned king, emperor stabbed emperor, pope poisoned pope, contending for God's vicegerency. The roll-call of their names, with a cross against each, is rotting in the lumber-room of history. Do not wonder then if one of the rabble runs after you from the hustings, and commiting no worse mischief, snatches at the colours in your hat-band."

"WALTER LANDOR

"Others have snatched more. My quarry lies upon a high common, a good way from the public road, and everybody takes out of it what he pleases, 'with privy paw, and nothing said' beyond '*a curse on the old fellow! how hard his granite is, one can never make it fit.*' This is all I get of quit-rent or acknowledgment. I know of a poacher who noosed a rabbit on my warren, and I am told he made such a fricassee of it that there was no taste of rabbit or sauce, I never had him taken up; he is at large, dressed in new clothes, and worth money."

Here we must close our extracts for the present; but there is matter that may tempt us yet again to open the volume for the entertainment and pleasure of our readers.

BIRTH-PLACE AND PARENTS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams was fortunate in the home of his birth and childhood. It was a New England farm, descended from ancestors, who were never so poor as to be dependent upon others, nor so rich as to be exempted from dependence upon themselves. It was situated in the town of Quincy, then the first parish of the town of Braintree, and the oldest permanent settlement of Massachusetts *proper*.* The first parish became a town, by its present name, twenty-five years after the birth of Mr. Adams, viz, in 1792. It was named in honour of John Quincy, his maternal grandfather, an eminent man.

The farm-house stands at the foot of an eminence called *Penn's Hill*, about a mile south of Quincy village. It is an old-fashioned dwelling, having a two-story front and sloping far away to a single story in the rear. This style is peculiar to the early descendants of the Puritan fathers of America. Specimens are becoming rarer every year. Being invariably built of wood, they must soon pass entirely away, but not without the tribute of a sigh from those who associate with them memories of the wide old fire-place, glowing backlogs and hospitable cheer.

With this modest material environment of the child was coupled a moral and intellectual, which was golden. His father, the illustrious John Adams, was bred and in his youth laboured on the farm. At the birth of his son, he was still a young man, being just turned of thirty, but ripe both in general and professional knowledge, and already recognised as one of the ablest counsellors and most powerful pleaders at the bar of the Province.

His mother was worthy to be the companion and counsellor of such a father. By reason of slender health, she never attended a school. As to the general education allowed to girls at that day, she tells us that "it was limited in the best families to reading, writing, arithmetic, and in rare instances music and dancing;" and that "it was fashionable to ridicule female learning." From her father, a clergyman—from her mother, daughter of John Quincy—but above all, from her grandmother, his wife, she derived liberal lessons and salutary examples. Thus her education was entirely domestic and social. Perhaps it was the better for the absence of that absorbing passion of the schools which is generally as well satisfied with negative elevation by the depression of others as with positive elevation by the improvement of one's self. The excellent and pleasant volume of her Letters, which has gone through several editions, indicates much historical, Scriptural and especially poetical and ethical culture. In propriety, ease, vivacity and grace, they compare not unfavourably with the best epistolary collections; and in constant good sense and occasional depth and eloquence, no letter-writer can be named as her superior. To her only daughter, mother of the late Mrs. De Wint, she wrote, concerning the influence of her grandmother, as follows:

"I have not forgotten the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of life. I frequently think they made a more durable impression upon my mind than those which I received from my own parents. Whether it was owing to a happy method of mixing instruction and amusement together or from an inflexible adherence to certain principles which I could not but see and approve when a child, I know not; but maturer years have made them oracles of wisdom to me. Her lively, cheerful disposition animated all around her, whilst she edified all by her unaffected piety. I cherish her memory with a holy veneration, whose maxims I have treasured, whose virtues live in my remembrance—happy if I could say they have been transplanted into my life."

The concluding aspiration was more than realized, because Mrs. Adams lived more than the fortunate subject of her eulogy and more than any American woman of her time. She was cheerful, pious, compassionate, just, and courageous up to the demand of the time. She was a calm adviser, a zealous assistant and a never-failing consolation of her partner in all his anxieties and toils, public and private. That the labourers might be spared for the army, she was willing to work in the field. Diligent, frugal and judicious in the arrangements and details of the household and the farm, the entire care of which devolved upon her for many years, she preserved for him, amidst general depreciation and loss, an independence upon which he could always count and at last retire. At the same time, she responded to the numerous calls of humanity and charity, irrespective of opinions and parties. If there was a patriot of the Revolution who merited the title of *Washington of women*, she was the one.

It is gratifying to know that this rare combination of virtues and endowments met with a just appreciation from her great husband. In his autobiography, written at a late period of his life, he records this touching testimony, that "his connection with her had been the source of all his felicity," and his unavoidable separations from her "of all the griefs of his heart, and all that he esteemed real afflictions in his life." Throughout the two volumes of letters to her, embracing a period of twenty-seven years, the lover is more conspicuous than the statesman; and she on her part loved him with an affection unchangeable and ever fresh during more than half a century of married life. On one of the anniversaries of her wedding, she wrote from Braintree to him in Europe:

"Look at this date, and tell me the thoughts which arise in your mind. Do you not recollect that eighteen years have run their circuit since we pledged our mutual faith, and the hymenial torch was lighted at the altar of love? Still, still it burns with unabated fervour. Old Ocean cannot quench it; old Time cannot smother it in this bosom. It cheers me in the lonely hour."

The homely place at Penn's Hills was thrice ennobled—twice as the birth-place of two noble men, noble before they were Presidents, and, what is more, afterwards; and, thirdly, as the successful rival of the palaces occupied and frequented by its proprietors at the most splendid courts of Europe, which never for a moment supplanted it in their affections. Mrs. Adams wrote often from Paris and London in this strain: "My humble cottage at the foot of the Hill has more charms for me than the drawing-room of St. James;" and John Adams still oftener thus: "I had rather build wall on Penn's Hill than be the first prince of Europe or the first General or first Senator of America."

Such were the hearts that enfolded the childhood of John Quincy Adams.—*Homes of American Statesmen. Article: J. Q. Adams, by D. L. Child.*

* It is supposed that the State derives its name from a hill in the north part of the town, situated near the peninsula called *Squantum*, likewise a part of the town. Squantum was a favourite residence of the Indians, and the Sachem, who ruled over the district "extending round the harbour of Boston and Charlestown, through Malden, Chelsea, Nantasket, Hingham, Weymouth and Dorchester," had his seat on the neighbouring hill, which was shaped like an arrow head. Arrow-head in the Indian tongue was *mos* or *mons*, and hill *wetuset*. Thus the great Sachem's home was called *Mosswetuset* or Arrowhead Hill, his subjects *the Mosswetusets*, and lastly the entire Province, *Massachusetts*, but more frequently, in the primitive days, "The Massachusetts."

LETTER FROM MARY HOWITT IN REPLY TO MISS BREMER.

To the Editor of the London Times:

Sir: I read with extreme astonishment and pain a communication in the *Times* of Friday, headed "A Card," from my friend Frederika Bremer, relative to my translation of her "Homes of the New World." I was more particularly surprised, as I received from her very lately a letter expressive of her great satisfaction with my version of her work. She then said, "I write from my heart to thank you for your part in my work. Indeed, I have looked to some parts of it with a considerable degree of anxiety, fearing mistakes and misconceptions; but so far I have been able to see nothing of true importance in that way—nothing that cannot easily be corrected; and many parts I have truly enjoyed to read in your language and living style, most especially in volume three, which is not only good but excellent, and often so genial, so full of spontaneous life, that one can hardly suspect it is a translation.

"Should there be a second English translation, some mistakes must be corrected, as, for instance, *mater*, the eatables, is translated 'the meat,' and the family Tolme is invariably represented by F. In Sweden the first volume is only just out; the second will be out in December, and the third not till January or February. From my heart I thank you for the heart and soul, the conscience that you have worked with." In conclusion, she says, "Thank you again and again, for your truly good and excellent work, and quite wonderful, when I think of the circumstances under which it has been achieved. A good angel has been with you."

The circumstances under which this translation was made, and to which Miss Bremer alludes, are, the work being entirely in manuscript, and the rapidity that was required from me in translating about one thousand eight hundred closely written pages, so as to have the work ready by a given time for the English and American markets.

Turning now to Miss Bremer's communication in your columns, she first mentions an error at page 16, and, as it refers to a lady for whose character I have great esteem, I would not have misrepresented her in any way. But it must be remembered that the translation was made from manuscript, where the two words *finkanslig* and *fyrkantig* might easily be mistaken, and, not knowing the lady in question personally, the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the epithet was not apparent to me. As to "the misconceptions relative to the family H., on the Hudson," and the "two other passages of personal criticism," of which Miss Bremer speaks, I can say nothing, not knowing to what she refers.

As regards the more important charge of the retention of painful personalities in the translation, I must now more than ever regret Miss Bremer's hasty revision of her letters for the press. In a work of this character, the spirit and scope of which are so large and truly noble, it is to be lamented that any petty personality whatever should have been admitted. Although employed merely as translator, not as editor, of the work, I requested permission to expunge various phrases and references to character, which, though allowable in the confidence of private correspondence, were out of place before the public.

The objectionable mention of the good old couple, the Poinsetts of Casa Bianca, was one of this class, and though I received Miss Bremer's full permission for its expulsion, by some unaccountable oversight, it appears to have been retained—probably because I received this permission when the manuscript was gone out of my hands, and in the hurried correction of the press it was overlooked—a circumstance which I extremely regret.

Miss Bremer says that the Swedish addition of this work will not be found to contain any of those personalities; but it must not be supposed that this revised and Swedish edition, which is not yet wholly published, is the one from which my translation was made. That, when published, will, no doubt, be free from any remarks of this nature, and any second English or American edition would unquestionably be improved by rigid supervision by the author.

Regretting that Miss Bremer should have thought it necessary to place herself and me in anything like an antagonistic position before the public, or that a painful discord should be introduced into an intercourse which has hitherto been so harmonious and of so many years' standing.

I am, sir, yours respectfully, Mary Howitt.

A Roman Sorceress.—The same year, a diabolical piece of sorcery, unheard of in our times, was discovered at Rome. For there were in the public road which leads to Rome, two old women living in one cabin, and both imbued with the same wickedness, who were in the habit of transforming any stranger who came to them by himself, into a horse, or pig, or any other animal they chose, and then selling the animals that had been so transformed, to merchants; they spent the money that they procured in this manner in drunkenness and debauchery. And, by chance, they on one occasion received in their cottage a young man who was well acquainted with the art of dancing, and who gained his livelihood by the profession of an actor, and that night they transformed him into an ass, and made a great profit by means of him, for the young man, though he had become an ass, had not lost his understanding, though he had lost his power of speech, and whatever the old woman commanded, the ass performed, playing and dancing. And, accordingly, as the multitude flocked to see the tricks of the ass, the old witches did not allow them to see the ass play his tricks except on payment of money. At last, when his fame was spread over the whole province, a rich man came to the old sorceresses, and giving an immoderate price for him, became the proprietor of this ass. But as he was departing with his purchase, he was warned by the women, that if he wished to have a long enjoyment of the sport he must keep the ass from entering the water. Accordingly the rich man appointed a servant to watch him, and take diligent care of him. And whenever he wished to be amused, the tricks of the ass delighted him and all his company. But after a considerable period had elapsed, the tricks of the ass began to get wearisome, and he began to be less taken care of by his keepers. And so, one day he broke the halter by which he was fastened, and threw himself into a lake which was close at hand, and having rolled about for some time in the water, he recovered his original form of a man. And his keeper pursued him, and, seeing a man inquired of him whether he had seen an ass running away. He told him that he himself had been the ass, but that he had just recovered the form of a man. And then he related to him all that had happened to him, and told him all the treatment that he had received. The servant marvelling, reported the matter to his master, and his master reported it to Pope Leo; and the women being convicted, confessed their crimes to the Pope; and while the Pope was in doubt about the matter, he had his doubts set at rest by Peter Dancian, who adduced the instance of Simon Magus, who caused Faustianus to appear in the shape of Simon, and to be regarded with horror by his own sons.—*Mathew of Westminster's Chronicle; Bohn's Standard Library*.

Gen Radowitz died at Berlin, at noon of Christmas day. He has left a very large circle of loving friends, and the whole German public has long been accustomed to regard him as one of the celebrities of the time.